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The Week

THE Japanese press is much disturbed by the recent turn in diplomatic events. Nor is its concern groundless. Let us recall the heights to which Japanese nationalistic ambitions were raised by the war. The western Powers, whose imperial purposes had hung like a heavy cloud over Japan's future, appeared to be destroying themselves. Japan apparently would be able to do as she pleased in China and Siberia and greatly to extend her influence in the Indian Ocean, where a weakened Britain would need her support. But now that dream is over, and in its place a new menace has arisen. The course of the negotiations for the renewal of the Anglo-Japanese alliance has revealed a powerful movement toward a diplomatic understanding among the English speaking nations, collectively the paramount naval power in the Pacific and in all human probability destined to remain paramount through the next two generations at least. President Harding's call for a conference to deal specifically with the problems of the Pacific, in which China, the centre of every problem involving Japan, will participate, means for Japan the most portentous diplomatic struggle in her existence. She can not hope to impose upon the conference her claim to a guardianship of the Far East. But neither can she afford to hold aloof and permit the English speaking nations to work out a common policy without her.

THE one hope for Japanese imperialistic diplomacy is that the conference may fail. It might possibly be made to fail if enough extraneous issues could be interpolated to produce an inextricable confusion. And the Japanese newspaper diplomatists are eagerly forging such issues. First and foremost is the oriental immigration question. Open the doors to the Japanese everywhere, they urge, if you wish Japan to respect the open door in China. Another possible issue is the possession by the western Powers of spheres of influence in China. Let England, France and Italy withdraw from Chinese soil if they wish Japan to respect Chinese integrity. A third issue is American fortifications in Guam and the Philippines. These menace Japan: let them be dismantled if we wish Japan to take our professions of peace at their face value. All this would be good diplomatic material if Japan had not allowed herself to become morally isolated by her conduct in Korea, China and Siberia, or if she held a preponderance of naval power. As conditions stand, Japan will make no progress whatever by urging such considerations. Diplomatic astuteness will not profit her. Her best cue is to take in imperialistic sail and strive for an agreement which, while not giving her a special position in China, will restrain the western nations from reaching for special positions.

PRESIDENT HARDING'S argument on the pigeonholing of the soldiers' bonus was amply buttressed by the facts. Money to meet the outlay involved can not be raised by taxation without fly-

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ing in the face of the party pledges of tax reduction. It can not be raised by a bond issue without producing a further decline in outstanding issues and making a higher interest rate necessary in the huge refunding operations that must come in the next two years. The only funds not ticketed to current expenditures are the sums that may be realized on the Allied debts, and little if anything is likely ever to be realized on those debts. We may fairly assume that these simple facts were known to practically all members of Congress and the Senate, as they are known to almost every private citizen. Yet both houses were proceeding recklessly to the enactment of the bonus bill. Nothing but the President's intervention could have held it up. It is a curious reversal of the traditional rôles of legislature and executive. Formerly the legislative branch was ever on the alert to curb the extravagance of the executive. Now the legislative branch would not only spend all the money it can lay hands on but would vote to spend money that is not to be had, if it were not restrained by the executive.

THE export tax recently decreed by President Obregon on petroleum slightly more than doubles the present production tax. Together these imposts amount to about 35 cents a barrel, almost exactly the amount of the import duty proposed by the Fordney tariff bill. If the Mexican export tax is confiscatory, what shall we say of the Fordney import tax? Has Mexico or the United States, the better right to revenue from oil which is a natural resource of the former country, and which is diminishing as foreign companies draw on it for their profit? The American production of oil including imports from Mexico is outrunning consumption at the rate of ten or twelve million barrels a month. It is desirable that these imports be checked for a while to give the general situation time to adjust itself. President Harding writes to Mr. Fordney that it is inconsistent for Congress to levy an import tax on oil when the State Department "is doing every consistent thing to encourage the participation of American citizens in the development of oil resources in many foreign lands." Is it not a release from an embarrassing situation to have Mexico take the initiative in restricting production which is swamping our market? Why then should our State Department protest to the Mexican government in regard to a tax which every government under international law has a perfect right to levy?

PRESIDENT HARDING speaks of the encouragement given to American capital to seek a share in the development of oil resources abroad as safeguarding our future interests. Undoubtedly it would be wise policy to draw a large part of the oil for immediate consumption from foreign lands, and preserve our own fields for the future. It would be equally wise to import lumber and wood pulp and save the remnants of our forests for our children. Does any one care for posterity enough to do this? Not the men who have capital invested in oil and timber lands. In the case of the forests it is possible to conceive that prohibition of cutting for twenty years would add to our national wealth, but not in the case of oil. If the competition of Mexican oil should make domestic production unprofitable the wells cannot merely be closed down, and the oil saved for later needs. The exploitation of our principal fields is such that the oil must be used now or forever wasted. We should take it as a happy circumstance that Mexico is minded to limit by taxation the further exploitation of her fields, and thus safeguard for the future a supply by which we, as the nearest neighbor, will profit most.

A FEW months ago a number of Harvard graduates, headed by Mr. Austin G. Fox, petitioned the Board of Overseers of Harvard University to discipline Professor Zechariah Chafee, Jr., of the Law School, for having made certain misstatements, in an article in the Harvard Law Review, concerning the conviction of Abrams and others under the Espionage act. The petitioners gave a clue to their state of mind when at the same time they referred to Dean Pound, Professor Frankfurter, Francis B. Sayre, and the Librarian of the Law School, Mr. Edward B. Adams, as "parlor Bolsheviki." Had the overseers found Professor Chafee guilty, it would have amounted to condemnation of his very capable book, Freedom of the Press, as well as of the article in question. But the overseers, we are glad to learn, have fully vindicated Professor Chafee, and the attack on one of the ablest exponents of the eclipse of our liberties in war-time has, for the time being, collapsed.

MR. HOOVER'S final statement of the work of the Committee for Relief in Belgium recalls to mind what was far and away the greatest philanthropic job ever accomplished—a monument to human zeal and efficiency which will not easily be excelled. If Belgium has recovered more rapidly than most of the countries which suffered in the war, it is to a large extent due to Mr. Hoover's organization of the relief. The quantity of food and other materials distributed testify to the size of the task—purchases worth $1,300,000,000 were made between September, 1914, and September

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1920; and the ability of the management is plainly seen in the insignificant overhead cost—"the total administrative expenditure," says Mr. Hoover, "was held down to forty-one hundredths of one per cent of the entire operation." In those six years of death and waste the work of Mr. Hoover's Belgian relief stands out as an example of how useful and efficient men can be when they really try.

WITH Sir James Craig's withdrawal from London, the prospects of an Irish settlement are seriously decreased. This is one of the fruits of Lloyd George's peculiar type of statesmanship. His aim, in treating with de Valera has undoubtedly been to procure a settlement that would include Ulster and keep all of Ireland safely and soundly inside the empire. But in order to punish national Ireland he had previously given Ulster a separate parliament; and now Ulster won't play. This is definitely the result of the policy developed in England by Carson, Bonar Law, Balfour, Lloyd George. For this deadlock they have themselves to thank.

An Opportunity Missed

NOW at last it can be told. America was in fact approached on the matter of the remission of the inter-Allied debts. All those official and semi-official assertions to the contrary were diplomacy. The disclosure of this fact would have had greater interest for the New Republic if we had not consistently believed, even in the absence of direct information, that some such tentative discussion must have taken place. What does interest us greatly is the evidence offered by Lloyd George's letter to President Wilson that in August, 1920, it lay in the power of America to bring order into the European chaos, if America had been ready to pay a price for it. If we had been willing to consider the cancellation of Allied obligations to us we could have induced England to cancel her claims upon her continental Allies, and we could also have induced France to agree to fixing the German indemnity at a figure within the capacity of Germany to pay. The New Republic argued, before and since August 5, 1920, the date of Lloyd's George's letter, that America could effect such results.

"The British and French governments," wrote Lloyd George, "have been discussing during the last four months the question of giving fixity and definition to Germany's reparation obligations. The British government has stood steadily by the view that it was vital that Germany's liabilities should be fixed within the reasonable capacity of Germany to pay. . . . After great difficulties with his own people M. Millerand found himself able to accept this view—but he pointed out that it was impossible for France to accept nothing [anything?] less than it was entitled to under the Treaty, unless its debts to its allies and associates were treated in the same way. This declaration appeared to the British government eminently fair. But after careful consideration they came to the conclusion that it was impossible to remit any part of what was owed to them by France except as part and parcel of an all around settlement of inter-Allied indebtedness."

The long and short of it is this. France was trying to extract from Germany greater sums of money than Germany could pay. She felt that she had to do this because England and America were trying to extract from France greater sums than she could pay. England felt that she had to hold France to her obligation, because America was holding England to hers. But what was compelling the American government to play the part of the inexorable creditor? The pending Presidential election, and the fear that the mass of the American voters would feel that American interests were not sufficiently considered. More particularly, the fear that the mass of American voters would think that our government had let itself be worked by the British.

Was there not, however, good reason why America should reject any plan involving cancellation of any part of the obligations due her? Have we not a perfect legal right to the repayment of the loans we extended to our Allies? Indeed we have. And the British have a perfect legal right to repayment from France and Italy. The French have a perfect legal right to whatever indemnity Germany has agreed to pay. But all these legalities are getting us nowhere. Germany, paying apparently all she can, is doing little more than supporting the armies of occupation rendered necessary by the attempt to collect from Germany more than she can pay. England is getting out of France and Italy neither interest nor any part of the principal. We have not yet received a dollar of interest from any one of our debtors nor is any copious flow of interest in sight. Secretary Mellon talks of collecting the interest, but how under the sun will he do it? We haven't armies of occupation in England, France and Italy. President Harding talks of "funding" these obligations, that is, unloading this dubious paper upon the innocent investors of the country, in the hope that the debtor nations will be moved by this innocence to scrape up money for the payment of interest. We trust that the government will tell the truth about the financial condition of the majority of our debtors, before it un-

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dertakes to float a popular loan in their behalf—a Slavery loan, shall we call it?

For while the nations in our debt mean to pay, if we insist on it, the payment will entail sacrifices that are incompatible with any other status than that of slavery. We except England from this case. What she borrowed from us—a little under four and a quarter billions, since increased by over half a billion through deferred interest—would not crush a nation of England's productive power and commercial position. And she has as offsetting credits some nine billions loaned to her allies, much of which to be sure will never be repaid, and a problematic share in the German indemnity.

The position of France is much worse. She borrowed two and three-quarter billions of us and two and a half of England, sums to be increased by one-eighth on account of deferred interest. She loaned a billion and three-quarters, of which about two-thirds may be written off as loss. She hopes to get considerable sums out of Germany, but there is no prospect in sight of indemnity payments greatly exceeding the cost of collection. Her domestic debt, relatively three or four times as heavy a burden as our national debt, absorbs and will continue to absorb whatever revenues she has above the cost of running the government. Therefore, with all due respect to French financial ingenuity and integrity, we doubt that France will ever have any surplus to apply to her debts to England and America. Italy's case is worst of all. She owes America and England four billion dollars, and has apparently no chance even of balancing her domestic budget within a decade. As for Poland, Jugoslavia, Czecho-Slovakia, Tsarist Russia and the rest of our debtors, the less we think about our claims on them the richer we shall feel.

It was because we clung to this very dubious mass of paper that we threw away our opportunity a year ago to effect a general scaling down of inter-Allied debts and a common sense handling of the indemnity question. We wanted to see Europe at peace and back at work. But we wished to attain this end through the proffer of advice that cost nothing. Not even the most ardent champions of internationalism were willing to face the fact that America can not advance the cause of peace by proffering advice while she puts pressure on England to squeeze money out of France and Italy, money to be squeezed in turn out of Germany and Austria. Idealistic talk and foreclosure proceedings do not go well together.

Woodrow Wilson knew well enough that most of these debts could not be paid and ought to be cancelled. He knew that an offer to cancel them would have won more support for a decent peace and a workable League than all the concessions he made of other nations' rights, like Shantung, the southern Tyrol, the Saar valley. But he judged that American public sentiment would rather pay the price for League support in other nations' rights than in American cash claims. President Harding and Secretary Mellon know that we will never collect on the better part of these debts, and that we could put the whole world on a better footing by remitting them. But neither does the Harding administration dare to propose the remission of the debts. They are afraid to tweak the money nerve of the American people.

What puzzles us is this: On what grounds have both administrations assumed that the American people will hear of no policy, however salutary to the world, that would cost them money, even if the money were as certain to be paid as it is in fact uncertain? Might not the American people at least be given a chance to choose between the problematic value of our claims on Europe and the certain value of the economic revival that would come from the remission of the claims? For our part we have no doubt as to which value is the greater. Nor do we doubt that the American people is competent to choose the greater value rather than the lesser.

Mr. Chief Justice Taft

IF Mr. Taft had been named Chief Justice of the Supreme Court in 1913, is there any doubt that an outburst of liberal criticism would have greeted the appointment? The very Progressivism which President Taft provoked would uncompromisingly have resented Chief Justice Taft. This Progressive opposition would not have been a mere partisan expression, but the manifestation of a sound political instinct, namely, that the forces, conscious or unconscious, which make a man either a conservative or a liberal in the White House, are fundamentally the same forces which determine his decisions on the Supreme Court. To the Progressives of 1913, the William Howard Taft, with his lack of liberal convictions as to conservation, would have been the same William Howard Taft at the other end of Pennsylvania Avenue.

Today this opposition seems to have melted away. The press greets Mr. Taft's appointment with almost universal acclaim. Only the N. Y. Herald speaks out,—possibly a hang-over of Mr. Munsey's Progressive days with George W. Perkins. The Senate confirms the nomination pell-mell, in its eagerness to testify to the general approval. Of the Progressive group only Borah, Johnson and La Follette recall the ancient days and frankly challenge Mr. Taft's fitness. The rest is silence.

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Whence the change from Taft, the target of the Progressives, to Taft, their acclaimed? Surely it's the same Mr. Taft. True, during the war there was discernible in him a slight interlude, due partly to the general wooing of Labor, and partly to Mr. Taft's genial submissiveness to the constant stimulus of Frank Walsh. But it was only an interlude. The same stand-pat pieties and timidity which led Mr. Taft to denounce Roosevelt for "laying the axe at the root of the tree" and "profaning the Ark of the Covenant" have inevitably made him an easy prey to post-war fears and hysteria. When Mitchell Palmer was running amuck and law-officers and courts were indulging in tyrannous and lawless conduct, Secretary Hughes and Senator Beveridge spoke out bravely in behalf of the Constitution which Mr. Taft professes to revere; but never a word from Mr. Taft. And while in the abstract favoring trade-unionism as a social necessity, he has joined the prevalent denunciation of Labor and supported the present majority view of the Supreme Court in making the courts partisans in the economic struggle.

Why, then, the change of attitude toward Mr. Taft,—this silencing of opposition? There are many reasons. Mr. Taft's personality accounts for much. He was a bad President, but a good sport. His customary geniality arouses a pervasively lazy good nature towards him. There is also a widespread assumption as to his judicial competence. Partly, he is the beneficiary of an unconscious law of compensation; he was very bad as President, therefore he must be great as a judge. From a slight foundation in fact, reiteration and this law of compensation have gradually built up Mr. Taft's judicial competence into a myth of judicial greatness. He was a good judge; one of the good judges of a Court—the Sixth Circuit—of rigorous traditions. But, surely, informed professional opinion would not think of him in the same class with such judges as Baker, Cardozo or Learned Hand. Moreover, such aptitudes and judicial habits as Mr. Taft had, had been unused for twenty years. During all his years as professor of law at Yale, Mr. Taft contributed practically nothing to legal thought; when he has written on legal matters it has been largely in the lay press, in a spirit of partisanship and with irresponsible inaccuracy.

Two causes deeper than Mr. Taft's personality make for acquiescence in his appointment. First, the recurring failure on the part of the public to grasp the real significance of the Supreme Court in the political life of the nation, to appreciate that when members of the Court decide the Hitchman case or the Duplex case, they move in the field of statesmanship. In such cases,—and it is cases like these which matter in the work of the Court—the justices are not merely passive interpreters of ready-made law; they adjust conflicting interests, and by so doing enforce, consciously or unconsciously, varying conceptions of public policy. The New York Tribune expresses the naive hope that "With Justice Taft as moderator, it is probable that not a few asperities that mar the harmony of the celestial chamber, the consulting room, will be softened and that not quite so often in the future will the court divide five and four." Such simple-mindedness as this betrays a complete ignorance of the Court's history. Divisions in the Court are not attributable to want of "tact and good humor" in the "moderator," nor will they be effaced by smiles. A gentler spirit, a more twinkling humor and a more accommodating mind probably never presided over the Supreme Court than during the period of Chief Justice Fuller. Yet divided opinions on crucial public questions were plentiful during his time, as they were during the time of Chief Justice White, and as they will be during the time of Chief Justice Taft. The reason is that divided opinions are the result of real differences of opinion as to policy, or a different grasp of facts underlying policy, and not mere differences in interpreting fixed rules of "law."

But the greatest significance of the widespread popular approval of Mr. Taft's appointment lies in the fact that it measures the present temporary triumph of reaction. Labor is cowed, liberalism is confused, and the country's thinking generally is done in the storm-cellar. The New Republic does not begrudge Mr. Taft this outpour of goodwill. But the Chief Justiceship of the Supreme Court is not a subject for mere good-nature. The moment of jubilation will quickly pass for years of litigation on fundamental issues. Cases involving the social control allowed the states under the fourteenth amendment, or the exercise of federal power for police purposes, such as the Child Labor law, will soon again call forth a clash of differing conceptions of policy and of the proper scope of the Court's ultimate veto power. Mr. Taft, even before he was one of its members, has been rather obsessed by the notion that the Supreme Court is a sacred priesthood immune from profane criticism. He is not likely to be more hospitable to criticism as the presiding Justice of the Court. But the New Republic cannot emphasize too often that the only safeguard against the terrible powers vested in the Supreme Court lies in continuous, informed and responsible criticism of the work of the Court. Only thus will it be able to function as a living organ of the national will and not as an obstructive force of scholastic legalism.

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The Indian Revolution

THE revolution in India is destined to force itself on the attention of a world weary of revolutions. First, the magnitude of a movement initiated among a population of 350,000,000 must give it a place in history. Again, the vast issues which are bound up with it, the fate of the British empire, of the Moslem faith, and of all Asia, will make it memorable. But that which most immediately strikes the imagination of the world is the fact that the Indian revolution is proceeding under the direction of Mr. M. K. Gandhi by the primitive method, Christian as well as Buddhist, of passive resistance. When Mr. Gandhi calls on his followers to renounce the social order which the British Raj has imposed on India, to give up titles and offices, to refrain from courts, to withdraw their children from government schools, and above all to abstain from violence, "to hold every English life and the life of every officer serving the government as sacred as those of our own dear ones," he is following more closely the method of Jesus than any leader since Saint Francis.

The present revolutionary movement in India took form in consequence of the repressive policy of the government toward unrest in India as the result of the war. Certain disturbances in the Punjab were suppressed with insult and violence, culminating in the massacre of Amritsar where a thousand unarmed men, women and children at a forbidden gathering were shot down without preliminary warning and in cold blood by order of General Dyer. The Rowlatt act was passed, which suspended all civil rights and left every Indian at the mercy of star chamber proceedings. Then followed the complete subjection of the Moslem world to the Christian by the treaty of Sèvres. This last event drove Mussalman and Hindu into union. The two questions of the Punjab atrocities and the Khilafat became inextricably associated, and Gandhi launched his non-cooperation or Satyagraha movement in which the two aggressive leaders of the Mohammedans, the brothers Ali, became his lieutenants. But behind the questions of Punjab and Khilafat is a greater and all embracing one—that of national wrong and shame to which every Indian is sensitive. "The Khilafat movement," said Mr. Gandhi in August 1920, "will become an irresistible force when every Mussalman treats the peace terms as an individual wrong." And of the Punjab atrocities he said in the same month: "Inasmuch as a single Punjabi was made to crawl on his belly in the famous street of Amritsar, I hold that the whole of India was made to crawl on its belly. . . . And if we want to stand erect before the whole world it is impossible for a single child, man or woman in India to rest until fullest reparation has been done for the Punjab wrong."

The British Raj has endeavored to meet the situation, but with noticeable embarrassment. Nine months after the Amritsar massacre it was made the subject of inquiry in the House of Commons, and General Dyer, who had been whitewashed, commended and promoted, was at length recalled, —with the gift of £21,000 subscribed by the Anglo-Indian community to solace his wounded pride. Mr. Montague, Secretary of State for India, has addressed to the Moslem Indian delegation a letter in which he declares that "there is every reason to hope that Turkey will be as free and independent as she was before the war," except for limitation of armament and the internationalization of the Straits, that Adrianople will be autonomous, that the Hedjaz and Mesopotamia will be independent, that the holy places will remain in Moslem control, and that he has made representations to the Foreign Office in regard to the behavior of the Greeks in Smyrna. Meanwhile the so-called Montague-Chelmsford reforms have been put into some sort of working order. It is characteristic of the preoccupations of an imperial government that this plan of setting up a council with limited powers composed of Indian and British representatives was drawn up by Mr. Lionel Curtis, the editor of the Round Table, and accepted by the Viceroy and Secretary whose names it bears. The Council was opened at Delhi by the Duke of Connaught and his words about Amritsar bear striking similarity to those of King George at Belfast. "As an old friend of India I appeal to you all—British and Indians—to bury along with the dead past the mistakes and misunderstandings of the past, to forgive where you have to forgive and to join hands and to work together to realize the hopes that arise from today." Discussion of the Punjab atrocities in this controlled group was very guarded, but Sir Godfrey Fell made an earnest attempt to convince his hearers of the exemplary severity of General Dyer's punishment by dismissal—with £21,000.

Lord Reading, who succeeded Lord Chelmsford as Viceroy, has followed the Duke of Connaught on the theme of conciliation, and his speeches since his accession show how serious the situation is. "Pursued," as he said, "by the shadow of Amritsar" he promised that more generous grants of money should be made to the sufferers from the events in the Punjab, and particularly that the disproportion in the scale of payments to Indians and British should be corrected. He has recently held conversations with Mr. Gandhi, and it is represent-

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ed as a distinct triumph that as a result of them Mr. Gandhi has obtained a new statement from the Ali brothers that they will abstain from exciting violence so long as they continue to have faith in the non-cooperative movement. In his last speech at the Chelmsford Club, composed of Indians and British, Lord Reading took a bold line on the fundamental question of racial equality, to which The Hindu (Madras) replies somewhat causatically: "The country hears with relief that he is a firm believer in the principle that here in India (and why India alone?) there could be no trace of racial inequality. . . . Racial inequality in spite of protestations will always exist when one race imposes its rule on another. The ultimate sanction of all such rule is force."

This is the fundamental issue in the Indian revolution, the issue of national honor. Lord Reading closed his speech with certain Wilsonian expressions about "working for that great purpose which lies before us, to lead India to that high destiny which is in store for it when it becomes the partner in our Empire, when it has attained its full development and risen to those heights which the imagination of man in my judgment is as yet incapable of comprehending, when India shall have obtained that place among the Councils of the Empire which will enable her to exert her influence upon the Councils of the World." Meanwhile India sees her place among the Councils of the Empire fixed by a representative who is appointed for her, and her influence upon the Councils of the World limited to a vote in the League of Nations which is cast for her. At the Meeting of Premiers, the prime ministers of Canada and Australia demand a voice in her affairs, for they too would act imperially. As a partner in the Empire she is forced to spend $346,000,000 or 63 per cent of her entire revenue for an army which she does not want, to carry on wars with Mesopotamia and Afghanistan in which she does not believe. "The English," says Mr. Gandhi, "have no right in Mesopotamia. It is no part of our loyalty to help the Imperial government in what is in plain language daylight robbery."

Mr. Gandhi believes in the fundamental power of pacifism. He relies on the strength of non-resistance: "I believe," he says, "that a man is the stronger soldier for daring to die unarmed with his breast bare before the enemy." He upholds the bravery of non-cooperation. "It is a bravery which is open to the weakest among the weak. It is open to women and children. The power of suffering is the prerogative of nobody, and if only 300 millions of Indians could show the power of suffering in order to redress a grievous wrong done to the nation or its religion, I make bold to say that India will never require to draw the sword." But he also relies on the influence of this passive resistance upon the oppressor; he expects a certain chivalry on the part of the strong.

> I make bold to say that the moment the Englishmen feel that although they are in India in a hopeless minority, their lives are protected against harm, not because of the matchless weapons of destruction which are at their disposal, but because Indians refuse to take the lives even of those whom they may consider to be utterly in the wrong—that moment will see a transformation in the English nature in its relation to India.

With Ireland and Amritsar before us we can only marvel at the greatness of such faith.

The Black Wave

A NEW caprice in fashion is showing itself in New York. Wherever one goes one sees women dressed in black. This is not the small, regular proportion of women in mourning. On the contrary, it is composed of maids and matrons who look unusually cheerful and complacent: they are the first to get into step with fashion, their styles are dashingly new, and they have been told that no shade is so becoming—has such "distinguishment," as an advertisement happily words it. Besides, owing to that progress in which all good moderns believe, the air in New York has become progressively dirtier, and a non-committal color is, as they say, "most practical." So, for street wear especially, we have throngs of females black from head to foot.

A number of the less adventurous, it may be said, have kept on a last year's or last season's colored hat. A number of the more adventurous have combined their black with white trimmings, so that they have the touch of piquancy which is considered so fascinating in a reviving widow. But all agree on the main note, the note of complete reserve, and abstinence, and decorum. After the wave of rust-color and the wave of green there comes this dignified abrogation.

The youngster and the elderly woman seem to rejoice in it equally. It gives a note of elegance to the pocket-size shop-girl. It gives a notion of slimness to the lady in quarto-size. On Fourteenth Street one meets it in a cheap improvization. One sees it on Park Avenue, stepping in conscious precision of fashion into, or out of, a motor. It comes in polite demureness into a hotel restaurant. It goes in modest righteousness to the shopping district, or to tea. As it passes it murmurs, "You, unfortunately, are dressed in colors. Charming, but a little demodée! I am Black, misleading if you like, but inestimably correct. You gaze at me?

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Must you be so curious? But, if you must, I sustain your curiosity not without pleasure. As it happens, I am impeccable. Your only salvation is to study me and, I am afraid, to copy me. C'est tout."

From the point of view of social curiosity, however, it isn't quite all. Since black so strongly marks this heterogeneous crowd of young and old, pretty and not pretty, slim and fat, tall and short, rich and poor, intelligent and dull, the definite enslavement of womankind, or human kind, to fashion becomes too obtrusive not to exact some attention. It is not simply a situation created by unimaginative man. It is not the ordinary story of woman's victimization, her subjection in a man-made world. She, after all, accepts of herself this silent "decree of fashion" and rushes to embrace it. And even if she resists it, she does so as against her own compulsive sex. It is woman-made, this particular enslavement. And feminists are just as prominent in the army of the enslaved as the most submissive and intimidated of women. Lady Astor returning to her toque because her chip hat didn't "go" in the House of Commons is not, as she usually is, a sample of the reactionary type of femininity. She is a sample of the American's general attitude on the subject of clothes.

That attitude has struck most visiting foreigners. When G. W. Steevens, Northcliffe's great "find" as a reporter, came here in 1896, he observed our servility. "No nation in the world is in such bondage to fashion as democratic America. Her men and women, young and old, wear boots that narrow to a sharp point, like skates, two inches beyond the toes; they tinker at their faces with complexion-washes and nose-machines as zealously as some people in England tinker at their souls." It was not, as a narrow critic might have it, part of the "childish, frivolous and short-sighted" character which Schopenhauer broadly ascribed to women. It was something that involves men as well as women, a subjection to the manufacturers who understand and exploit both sexes.

Part of the subjection, undoubtedly, is due to the prudence of our producers. Fashion to be profitable must be established by a concert of manufacturers, each of whom is anxious to select a model, a color or a finish which is considered to be in style. If one manufacturer plans to make white shoes with black or brown leather trimmings, the other manufacturers must come into the same field with similar designs. The consumer may reject all of these novelties and oddities, but if he in turn is an imitator and copyist he feels like an outsider if he isn't in fashion. He accepts the change just because it attracts attention and is "new." And since manufacturers can count on such herd-instinct, the consumer who has definite ideas as to his own needs is discountenanced. And America has relatively few craftsmen in a small way of business who can give him exactly what he wants, except at great expense.

Without such craftsmen we cannot have widely individual variations in style, and this the manufacturers know. But the slavishness of the American consumer makes even the manufacturers laugh. It has now reached the stage where each change is made so violent, so extreme, that one fashion successfully sets itself apart from another, and each season compels the previous season to "date." A markedly light color, we may be sure, will be introduced as soon as black has been sold to everyone, and then we shall have the scramble of the blacks to come out in the first burst of heliotrope or mauve.

The game depends on that well-established psychological trait, the inferiority-complex; and until men and women accept themselves and their own preferences their sense of inferiority can be capably exploited by the ingenious dealers in mode and vogue. Such enslavement, however, is only possible among people who change whenever things outside themselves change. It is not possible among people who are personally autonomous. The number of such people in the United States is still small, as the rapid advancement of any wave of fashion partly testifies. But autonomous men and women are the only really civilized men and women. One sign of their strength, if only a sign, is the fact that they go their way without obedience to the ebb and flow of tribal waves. They are not so conservative as the man who, when a new book comes out, reads an old one. But they have their own ideas of suitability. They ask something more than that the new should be new.

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Divided China

II

THE members of the new southern government are strikingly different in type from those one meets elsewhere whether in Peking or the provincial capitals. The latter men are literally mediaeval when they are not late Roman Empire, though most of them have learned a little modern patter to hand out to foreigners. The former are educated men, not only in the school sense and in the sense that they have had some special training for their jobs, but in the sense that they think the ideas and speak the language current among progressive folk all over the world. They welcome inquiry and talk freely of their plans, hopes and fears. I had the opportunity of meeting all the men who are most influential in both the local and federal governments; these conversations did not take the form of interviews for publication, but I learned that there are at least three angles from which the total situation is viewed.

Governor Chen has had no foreign education and speaks no English. He is distinctively Chinese in his training and outlook. He is a man of force, capable of drastic methods, straightforward intellectually and physically, of unquestioned integrity and of almost Spartan life in a country where official position is largely prized for the luxuries it makes possible. For example, practically alone among Chinese provincial officials of the first rank he has no concubines. Not only this, but he proposed to the provincial assembly a measure to disenfranchise all persons who have concubines. (The measure failed because it is said its passage would have deprived the majority of the assemblymen of their votes.) He is by all odds the most impressive of all the officials whom I have met in China. If I were to select a man likely to become a national figure of the first order in the future, it would be, unhesitatingly, Governor Chen. He can give and also command loyalty—a fact which in itself makes him almost unique.

His views in gist are as follows: The problem of problems in China is that of real unification. Industry and education are held back because of lack of stability of government, and the better elements in society seclude themselves from all public effort. The question is how this unification is to be obtained. In the past it has been tried by force used by strong individuals. Yuan Shi Kai tried and failed; Feng Kuo Chang tried and failed; Tuan Chi Jui tried and failed. That method must be surrendered. China can be unified only by the people themselves, employing not force but the methods of normal political evolution. The only way to engage the people in the task is to decentralize the government. Futile efforts at centralization must be abandoned. Peking must allow the provinces the maximum of autonomy; the provincial capitals must give as much authority as possible to the districts, and the districts to the communities. Officials must be chosen by and from the local districts and everything must be done to encourage local initiative. Governor Chen's chief ambition is to introduce this system into Kwantung province. He believes that other provinces will follow as soon as the method has been demonstrated, and that national unity will then be a pyramid built out of the local blocks.

With extreme self-government in administrative matters, Governor Chen will endeavor to enforce a policy of centralized economic control. He says in effect that the west has developed economic anarchy along with political control, with the result of capitalistic domination and class struggle. He wishes to avert this consequence in China by having government control from the first of all basic raw materials and all basic industries, mines, transportation, factories for cement, steel, etc. In this way the provincial authorities hope to secure an equable industrial development of the province, while at the same time procuring ample revenues without resorting to heavy taxation. Since almost all the other governors in China are using their power, in combination with the exploiting capitalists native and foreign, to monopolize the natural resources of their provinces for private profit, it is not surprising that Governor Chen's views are felt to be a menace to privilege and that he is advertised all over China as a devout Bolshevist. His views have special point in view of British efforts to get an economic strangle hold upon the province—efforts which are dealt with with in another article.

Another type of views lays chief stress upon the internal political condition of China. Its adherents say in effect: Why make such a fuss about having two governments for China, when, in point of fact, China is torn into dozens of governments? In the north, war is sure to break out sooner or later between Chang Tso Lin and his rivals. Each military governor is afraid of his division generals. The brigade generals intrigue against the division

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leaders, and even colonels are doing all they can to further their personal power. The Peking government is a stuffed sham, taking orders from the military governors of the provinces, living only on account of jealousies among these generals, and by the grace of foreign diplomatic support. It is actually bankrupt, and this actual state will soon be formally recognized. The thing for us to do is to go ahead, maintain in good faith the work of the revolution, give this province the best possible civil administration; then in the inevitable approaching debacle, the southern government will be ready to serve as the nucleus of a genuine reconstruction. Meantime we want, if not the formal recognition of foreign governments, at least their benevolent neutrality.

Dr. Sun still embodies in himself the spirit of the revolution of 1911. So far as that was not anti-Manchu it was in essence nationalistic, and only accidentally republican. The day after the inauguration of Dr. Sun, a memorial was dedicated to the seventy-two patriot heroes who fell in an abortive attempt in Canton to throw off the Manchu yoke, some six months before the successful revolt. The monument is the most instructive single lesson which I have seen in the political history of the revolution. It is composed of seventy-two granite blocks. Upon each is engraved: Given by the Chinese National League of Jersey City, or Melbourne, or Mexico, or Liverpool, or Singapore, etc. Chinese nationalism is a product of Chinese migration to foreign countries; Chinese nationalism on foreign shores financed the revolution, and largely furnished its leaders and provided its organization. SunYat Sen was the incarnation of this nationalism, which was more concerned with freeing China—and Asia—from all foreign domination than with particular political problems. And in spite of the movement of events since that day, he remains essentially at that stage, being closer in spirit to the nationalists of the European irredentist type than to the spirit of contemporary young China. A convinced republican, he nevertheless measures events and men in the concrete by what he thinks they will do to promote the independence of China from foreign control, rather than by what they will do to promote a truly democratic government. This is the sole explanation that can be given for his unfortunate coquetting a year ago with the leaders of the now fallen Anfu Club. He allowed himself to be deceived into thinking that they were ready to turn against the Japanese if he would give them his support; and his nationalist imagination was inflamed by the grandiose schemes of little Hsu for the Chinese subjugation of Mongolia.

More openly than others, Dr. Sun admits and justifies the new southern government as representing a division of China. If, he insists, it had not been for the secession of the south in 1917, Japan would now be in virtually complete control of all China. A unified China would have meant a China ready to be swallowed whole by Japan. The secession localized Japanese aggressions, made it evident that the south would fight rather than be devoured, and gave a breathing spell in which public opinion in the north rallied against the Twenty-one Demands and against the military pact with Japan. Thus it saved the independence of China. But, while it checked Japan, it did not checkmate her. She still expects with the assistance of Chang Tso Lin to make northern China her vassal. The support which foreign governments in general and the United States in particular are giving Peking is merely playing into the hands of the Japanese. The independent south affords the only obstacle which causes Japan to pause in her plan of making northern China in effect a Japanese province. A more than usually authentic rumor says that upon the occasion of the visit of the Japanese consul general to the new president (no other foreign official has made an official visit), the former offered from his government the official recognition of Dr. Sun as president of all China, if the latter would recognize the Twenty-one Demands as an accomplished fact. From the Japanese standpoint the offer was a safe one, as this acceptance of Japanese claims is the one thing impossible to the new government. But meantime the offer naturally confirms the nationalists of Dr. Sun's type in their belief that the southern split is the key to maintaining the political independence of China; or, as Dr. Sun puts it, that a divided China is for the time being the only means to an ultimately independent China.

These views are not given as stating the whole truth of the situation. They are ex parte. But they are given as setting forth in good faith the conceptions of the leaders of the southern movement and as requiring serious attention if the situation of China, domestic and international, is to be understood. Upon my own account, and not simply as expressing the views of others, I have reached a conclusion quite foreign to my thought before I visited the south. While it is not possible to attach too much importance to the unity of China as a part of the foreign policy of the United States, it is possible to attach altogether too much importance to the Peking government as a symbol of that unity. To borrow and adapt the words of one southern leader, while the United States can hardly be expected to do other than recognize the Peking as the de facto government, there is no need to

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coddle that government and give it face. Such a course maintains a nominal and formal unity while in fact encouraging the military and corrupt forces that keep China divided and which make for foreign aggression.

In my opinion as the outcome of two years' observation of the Chinese situation, the real interests of both China and the United States would be served if, in the first place, the United States should take the lead in securing from the diplomatic body in Peking the serving of express notice upon the Peking government that in no case would a restoration of the monarchy be recognized by the Powers. This may seem in America like an unwarranted intervention in the domestic affairs of a foreign country. But in fact such intervention is already a fact. The present government endures only in virtue of the support of foreign Powers. The notice would put an end to one kind of intrigue, one kind of rumor and suspicion, which is holding industry and education back and which is keeping China in a state of unrest and instability. It would establish a period of comparative quiet in which whatever constructive forces exist may come to the front. The second measure would be more extreme. The diplomacy of the United States should take the lead in making it clear that unless the promises about the disbanding of the army, and the introduction of general retrenchment are honestly and immediately carried out, the Powers will pursue a harsh rather than a benevolent policy toward the Peking government, insisting upon immediate payment of interest and loans as they fall due and holding up the government to the strictest meeting of all its obligations. The notification to be effective might well include a virtual threat of withdrawal of recognition in case the government does not seriously try to put its profuse promises into execution. It should also include a definite discouragement of any expenditures designed for military conquest of the south.

Diplomatic recognition of the southern government is out of the question at present. It is not out of the question to put on the financial screws so that the southern government will be allowed space and time to demonstrate what it can do by peaceful means to give one or more provinces a decent, honest and progressive civil administration. It is unnecessary to enumerate the obstacles in the way of carrying out such a policy. But in my judgment it is the only policy by which the Great Powers will not become accomplices in perpetuating the weakness and division of China. It is the most straightforward way of meeting whatever plans of aggression Japan may entertain.

JOHN DEWEY.

The Cost of Living and Wage Cuts

NO one has yet found a principle of wage revision which is satisfactory for all time and for all places. And no one probably ever will. So for lack of acceptable principles, now workers and then employers cast about from occasion to occasion for convenient formulae which at the time seem best calculated to get them what they want. Throughout the history of wage negotiations in this country one wage "principle" after another has supplanted its predecessor because circumstances had in the meantime so changed that what was once potent seemed to have spent its strength. Accordingly, such pseudo-principles as maintenance of wage differentials, standard of living, cost of living, sliding scale, productive efficiency, each had its vogue, was discarded, and again revived, as it met or failed to meet the exigencies of particular situations. In view of these facts it is not surprising that in the period from 1915 to the present, "cost of living" should come into its own as the fundamental principle in wage adjustments—buttressed by all of the moral flavor which the word "principle" implies. For in the short time of four and one half years the cost of living in this country rose with such speed and directness that in June and July of 1920, it was probably 110 per cent above its level in 1914. What more natural, then, than that the workingmen of the United States should seize upon this condition as the most obvious, effective and most popular reason for demanding necessary increases in their money wages?

Now the cost of living has this peculiarity—it does not always move in the same direction. In the summer of 1920 it turned in its tracks and began that spectacular downward movement, so interesting to statisticians, which left it in April, 1921, somewhere about 18 per cent below its 1920 peak and possibly about 70 per cent above its level in 1914. No sooner had it turned, however, than the shoe was on the other foot. The cost of living had now become the favorite principle of wage revision for the other party and it may be expected to remain so, until perhaps the time comes when it turns again.

Much of the acclaim that now greets the use of

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changes in the cost of living as a basis for wage revision is probably due to the belief that there exist precise measures of fluctuations in the cost of living. Their use, it is conceived, raises the level of partisan wage discussion. The mathematical instruments of the statistician are supposed to replace biased arguments and to help to settle matters fairly and accurately. The measures that are believed to possess these qualities are known as "index numbers of the cost of living." Roughly speaking, an index number of the cost of living is an arithmetical measure, in the form of a single number, of the changes in the retail prices of most of the important goods and services (including rent) which the families of workingmen buy. At the present time, index numbers of the cost of living, like all other index numbers, are still in the experimental stage of development. They cannot yet be considered instruments of precision like thermometers or micrometer calipers. And no one is at this time justified in sitting with an eye peeled on the index number of the cost of living and measuring its movement in one direction or another, and believing that whatever the index registers is above question or criticism. For retail price quotations of standardized goods and services are not easy to collect and when one index number is compared with another, small but not unimportant discrepancies frequently appear. Thus one agency reports average rents in the United States in December, 1920, as 51 per cent above the pre-war level; whereas another finds them in November, 1920, at a point 66 per cent above the pre-war level. In one case clothing is 128 per cent above pre-war levels in November, 1920, and in the other it is 158 per cent above that level in December of the same year. The rent quotations were taken when rents were going up and the clothing prices collected when clothing was going down. Other discrepancies of the same nature may be cited but their total effect cannot be estimated because they are due to differences in the manner of collecting price quotations, in the instructions to enumerators, in the training and judgment of the enumerators, and in the kind of goods and services that are included in the survey by each agency.

Moreover, the construction of typical index numbers is premised on a rigidity in workingmen's budgets, which is probably not characteristic of them, particularly in a period like that from 1915 to the present, when both price and wage movements were more spectacular and more irregular than at any time since the Civil War. In other words, changes in prices and wages of the kind that took place in the last five years were apparently accompanied by real modification in the quality of the workingman's life. This is attributable much more to the increase in *family* incomes than to the rise in the rates of wages of individuals. For the purpose of measuring the influence of changes in the quality of standards on the movement of the cost of living, it is necessary to make much more frequent and more extensive budgetary studies than have so far been made. And judging by the manner in which wage increases were granted, such studies would yield a more satisfactory conclusion if they were made not with reference to geographical divisions, as is the custom at the present time, but with regard to industrial classifications.

But, important as these questions are, the real problems in the use of index numbers of the cost of living lie deeper. They are the result not so much of technical defects in the measures of changes in living costs as of the tacit acceptance of assumptions that apparently justify their use. It has been frequently stated by those who have participated actively in the contemporary epidemic of wage reductions, that it is their purpose to maintain the purchasing power of the incomes of workingmen at the level reached somewhere in the past —1918, 1917 or 1914. To accomplish this purpose, wages must be cut pari passu with each decline in the cost of living; otherwise the real incomes of the workers would rise and their standards improve. As if there existed in this country some generally accepted standard of living that workingmen should be permitted to approach but not to exceed. This, however, is precisely the point at issue in the great majority of wage disputes. The labor group contends that the standard of life which its members have acquired is too low and it proceeds to raise it either by forcing wages up or by resisting wage cuts when prices are falling. In many industries, indeed, even if wages are chosen at their peak, it would be difficult to prove that they were excessive with reference to any "reasonable" individual or family budget. Where this is the case, the use of the cost of living index as a corrective of money wages is not legitimate unless some agreement has been reached between employer and workmen concerning the standard on which changes in purchasing power are to be measured. If $1,800 were agreed upon as an adequate wage for a married man with three children when the cost of living was 100 per cent above the pre-war level, then there might be some reason for reducing his wages to $1,575 when the cost of living had dropped to 75 per cent above that level. But if $1,800 is found to be inadequate for the job of keeping a family in health and cheerfulness, then revision downward for the same reasons has only relieved

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the industry of the necessity of supporting its workers.

Much of the confusion that in this connection surrounds discussions of the relation between cost of living and wages is probably due to the failure to recognize that many of the most striking increases in wages during the war and after the armistice were more apparent than real. It was only fair for people to assume that wherever workingmen were able to get wage increases of more than 200 per cent, they were left in 1920 with such high earnings that a reduction in wages of 10 or 15 per cent left their standards still reasonably high. But once we shift the discussions from percentage increases to absolute wages it is impossible not to see how it must get involved in misconceptions of a rather fundamental nature. For example: two women earn in 1914 $5 and $10 a week. Each gets a raise so that by 1920 both are earning $25 a week. The first woman has then received an increase of 400 per cent and the second of only 150 per cent. Now if we ignore the actual figures from which the percentages were computed and show only the percentage increases, most people clearly would declare that, in view of the rise in the cost of living, 400 per cent is excessive and 150 per cent only moderate and fair. If, on the other hand, we kept in view how the women actually lived, and what they lived on, i. e., their standards of living, the very same people who resented an increase of 400 per cent would denounce a wage of $5 a week and approve its raise to $25. Nor would they regard the latter as in any way excessive. The example may seem extreme, but cases of it may be found throughout most of our wage statistics of the war period.

It must be quite evident, then, that high percentage increases in wages are not an evidence of excessive wages at the close of the period of increases. They are often an evidence of gross underpayment at its beginning. And it is a simple arithmetical truth that it is easier to erect large percentage increases on a small number than on a large one. As one arbitrator has recently said, "The level of 1915 . . . was a low one from the point of view of proper earnings, and a percentage of increase depends quite as much upon the initial as upon the final figure."

In spite of all current talk about cost of living and standards of living, neither concept is, as a matter of fact, of prime importance in the present wave of wage reductions, which began last summer and which is still on. The real occasion for wage reductions has been the business depression. In the course of a business depression it is considered good business policy to cut all prices, including wages. Out of this condition grew the demand for wage reductions. The assumptions underlying this demand were that prices must fall, possibly to the pre-war level; that they could only be reduced if wages were cut; and more generally that it was somehow not quite right for labor to evade the liquidation in which most of the business community was participating.

Under normal conditions the liquidation of labor and wage reductions would probably have been accomplished with great ease. But the trade union movement in this country had gathered considerable strength in the past five years and the demand for wage cuts met with considerable resistance. It became necessary, therefore, not only to convince labor of the injustice and legitimacy of a proposed reduction but also to build up a favorable public sentiment. For such purposes measures of changes in the cost of living served a useful function, particularly in view of the fact that a not inconsiderable group of workmen had agreed during the rise in prices to adjust their wages with reference to index numbers of the cost of living.

Nevertheless, revisions of wages on the basis of changes in the cost of living are at best makeshifts. They help tide over a difficult period, but they neither answer nor seek to answer fundamental questions.

When the experience of this country with wage reductions has been finally studied, the reductions will in all likelihood be found to bear little relation to changes in the cost of living. Already some slight information on this matter is available. In one industry, for instance, wage increases for different firms ran all the way from 78.2 per cent to 177.0 per cent, a range of almost 100 per cent. This industry is one in which the advertised reductions were generally uniform. If the country as a whole were canvassed the range of reduction would probably be just as large. The meaning of this seems to be that wage reductions as they are now made, are determined, both with regard to occasion and extent, by the business man's judgment regarding the requirements of business. For making judgments of this sort and for estimating the needs of business, measures of movement of the cost of living appear to be largely irrelevant. Where, under these conditions, the cost of living is invoked, more fundamental issues become hidden; and more pertinent matters—like the capacity of industry to pay, the duration of the period in which the reduced wages will be kept so, the relation of labor cost to total cost and hence prices, and the conditions essential to business revival—do not receive the consideration they deserve.

LEO WOLMAN.

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Gandhi: An Indian Saint

A Personal Study

We will grow strong by calmness and moderation; we will grow strong by the violence and injustice of our adversaries.—*Abraham Lincoln.*

WHEN a man is described by Rabindranath Tagore as "the greatest of living men," and by the governor of a province of the British empire as "a dangerous and misguided saint" it is worth while studying his personality even if his policy does not interest us. And this is how the Indian leader, M. K. Gandhi has been spoken of. Gandhi is undoubtedly a remarkable man, remarkable in the fact that he differs so greatly in policy and public life from all those who guide the nations. Statesmen and politicians are seldom guided by the motives which compel Gandhi to action. He has said of himself:

"Most religious men I have met are politicians in disguise; I, however, who wear the guise of a politician, am at heart a religious man."

This is the secret of Gandhi's overwhelming influence in India. It is not because he stands for a definite policy in regard to the British Raj, but because he is a saint, a man of austere and ascetic life who follows Truth at whatever cost to himself. Not even his worst enemy has ever doubted Gandhi's sincerity. His friends know him to be so stern in his loyalty to a principle once accepted that even friendship cannot divert him from a course which he regards as right.

I first met him in South Africa early in 1914 just after he had been released from prison for leading the Indian community in his Movement of Passive Resistance against the government. I remember my first glimpse of him as, surrounded by other Indians, he stood on the wharf upon the arrival of the steamer in which I had come from India. He was dressed in simple homespun, had no hat on his head and was barefoot. He is not striking in appearance though on closer acquaintance with him it is impossible not to be struck with the singular sweetness of his expression. As I saw him working for the coolies on the sugar plantations and greeting them often by name, I was forcibly reminded of Saint Francis of Assisi. Whenever he travelled he went by the third class which is usually patronized by the Kaffirs, and he always preferred to walk except when time made it advisable for him to drive.

As an example of his unswerving allegiance to a principle of action I recollect his attitude before the commission which had been appointed by the government of South Africa to inquire into the grievances of the Indian community in that colony. It was to give Gandhi and other leaders an opportunity of giving evidence before this commission that they had been released from jail. But the Indian community had not been consulted in the matter of the personnel of this commission and Gandhi consequently refused to give evidence and persuaded all Indians who followed him to refuse likewise. He persisted in his refusal, although the Honorable Mr. Gokhale, a man for whom he had the very greatest reverence, was almost daily cabling to him from India urging him to reconsider his decision, as his refusal was being construed as a virtual confession of the weakness of the Indian point of view. But he regarded the appointment of such a commission, without consultation with the Indian community whose interests were at stake, as a direct blow at the self-respect of India. So he turned a deaf ear to the urgent plea of one whom he reverenced and esteemed. He was right though he may not have been diplomatic. Gandhi never is diplomatic. He always lays all his cards on the table and his opponent is often unable to believe that he has nothing ulterior in his motives. Open diplomacy has always been Gandhi's strength.

Another characteristic is his chivalry to an opponent. Just when he was to start the Passive Resistance campaign again early in 1914 as a protest against the appointment of a commission without adequate Indian representation, a strike broke out among the white workers on the Rand. Gandhi immediately announced that his Passive Resistance would be indefinitely postponed until the government was no longer embarrassed by this strike. This chivalry proved to be a stroke of diplomacy for it won the admiration of General Smuts and of many who would not otherwise have sympathized with his political ideals. But it was not intended as a diplomatic move.

Mr. Gandhi originally had a lucrative legal practice in Johannesburg bringing him in over $15,000 a year. This he gave up when the call of his country came to him with impelling force. He gave all the money that he had to the founding of a settlement at Phoenix, near Durban, modelled on Tolstoian lines of simplicity and service. He himself felt that a life of poverty would give him the freedom necessary for his work for his countrymen.

I visited him at this settlement where every member of the community does some service for the whole. Gandhi himself was exceptional only in that he did far more when he was there than any other individual member. It was at Phoenix that his characteristic unselfishness of conduct was most evident. Often did I protest against the

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way in which Mr. Gandhi in the midst of great public responsibilities spent his valuable hours in menial tasks which could so easily have been carried out by less prominent members of his community.

When the Honorable Mr. Gokhale was a guest at Phoenix he had the same experience and he often told humorously of the heartless tyranny of his host who insisted upon doing the most menial tasks, including that of a sweeper, for his guests. To such protests he would reply that as regards a piece of work which had to be done and got through with, there was no highness or lowness about it—if a piece of work was thought to be too dirty for him (Gandhi), it should be regarded as too dirty and low even for a poor sweeper, who was just as much a human being as he himself.

It is this readiness to make the same sacrifices which he asks of those who follow him which gives him his extraordinary moral authority. As a recent interesting writer on India has said of him:

> Mr. Gandhi has always been prepared to accept and has always actually accepted for himself the direct logical outcome of his principles, whatever hardship and breach of social convention it may involve. This, combined with his utter sincerity, the austere simplicity of his life and his readiness to serve the people at all costs and sacrifice, explains his unparalleled hold over his countrymen. No trick or posing can give such influence to any leader.

Mr. Gandhi is a strict vegetarian and when I first met him he was taking only one meal a day which consisted of fruit, nuts, olive oil and whole meal bread often baked with his own hands at the settlement. Even when he went to Pretoria to interview the heads of the government he wore the plain homespun garments which he always wears, believing, as he does, in a revival of hand weaving in protest against the present industrial system. As he sat at his meal in a large store in Durban, he would ask the coolies who had come to see him and to consult with him about their troubles, to sit beside him so that he could give them more time for talk. And in all his dealings with the simple uncultured people he showed the same courtesy and patience. He was always accessible to the poor and unfortunate, and even when affairs of the utmost importance weighed upon him he would give them some of his time.

Mention has been made of his settlement being started on Tolstoian principles and it should be stated that Gandhi has always had the greatest admiration for the teachings of that great western prophet. From him he adopted the term Passive Resistance, and the spirit of much of his public work shows the influence of Tolstoi. But there is no doubt that the doctrine of non-resistance which he preaches also has its foundation in the teachings of his own religion, a religion which teaches "Ahinsa" or aversion to slaughter and violence. He was born a Jain and the Jains will not destroy any life, even that of the most insignificant animal. Like strict Buddhists they will not eat animal food.

He has, where possible, cooperated with the British government as is shown by the fact that he has been decorated several times with war medals for his services in the Zulu War, the Boer War and the War against Germany in connection with ambulance work. But lately he has lost faith in the promises of British statesmen, and even in the justice of the British people. In an open letter addressed "To Every Englishman in India" occur the following words, which explain his present position:

> In my humble opinion, no Indian has cooperated with the British government more than I have for an unbroken period of twenty-nine years of public life in the face of circumstances that might well have turned any other man into a rebel. I ask you to believe me when I tell you that my cooperation was not based on the fear of punishments provided by your laws or any other selfish motives. It was free and voluntary cooperation based on the belief that the sum total of the activity of the British government was for the benefit of India. I put my life in peril four times for the sake of the Empire. I did all this in the full belief that acts such as mine must gain for my country an equal status in the Empire. So late as last December (1919) I pleaded for a trustful cooperation. I fully believed that Mr. Lloyd George would redeem the promise to the Mussulmans and that the revelations of the official atrocities in the Punjab would secure full reparations for the Punjabis. But the treachery of Mr. Lloyd George and its appreciation by you, and the condonation of the Punjab atrocities have completely shattered my faith in the good intentions of the government and the nation which is supporting it.

He goes on to explain the meaning of his Non-cooperation policy:

> I am engaged in evoking bravery of soul. Non-cooperation means nothing less than training in self-sacrifice. Why should we cooperate with you when we know that by your administration of this great country we are being daily enslaved in an increasing degree? This response of the people to my appeal is not due to my personality. You are in search of a remedy to suppress the rising ebullition of national feeling. I venture to suggest to you that the only way is to remove the causes. You have yet the power. You can repent of the wrongs done to Indians. You can compel Mr. Lloyd George to redeem his promises. The other solution, namely repression, is open to you. I prophesy that it will fail.

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In a recent number of his paper, Young India, dated March 30th, 1921, he writes as follows:

> The problem before us, therefore, is one of opposing our will to that of the government, in other words to withdraw our cooperation from it. If we are united in purpose, the government must obey our will or retire. It is the disturbing factors of which the government avails itself for the consolidation of its power. When we are violent, it resorts to terrorism; when we are disunited, it resorts to bribery; when we are united, it resorts to cajolery and conciliation; when we are clamant, it puts temptations in the way of those who cry out the most. All, therefore, we need do is to remain non-violent, united, and unresponsive to bribery and cajolery.
>
> Let us not waste our resources in thinking of too many national problems and their solutions. A patient, who tries many nostrums at a time, dies. A physician, who experiments on his patient with a combination of remedies, loses his reputation and passes for a quack. Chastity in work is as essential as chastity in life. All dissipation is bad. We have hitherto all pulled our own way, and thus wasted away national strength in a most extravagant manner. To boycott foreign cloth within a year is a practical feasibility. To bring into being a working organization for the Congress is an easy thing for honest workers. Drink and untouchability must vanish. The education movement is steadily going forward. The national institutions that have sprung up will, if they are efficiently managed, make headway and attract students who are still hesitating. Boycott of the lawcourts by the public is making fair progress. These things do not now require concentration of universal effort.
>
> My strong advice to every worker is to segregate this evil government by strict non-cooperation, not even to talk or speak about it, but having recognized the evil, to cease to pay homage to it by cooperation.

Gandhi has been able to unite the people of India as they have never been united before, not only because of his unfaltering loyalty to a moral ideal and his austere and ascetic personal life, but because the British government has itself by repeated acts fed fuel to the fires of national aspiration.

Confronting the most powerful empire in existence stands this one man who cares nothing for his own personal safety, who is uncompromising and fearless in the application of principles which he has once accepted, and who scorns any longer to receive or beg for favors from a government which he regards as having "forfeited all title to confidence, respect or support." He believes in conquering hate by love, in the triumph of right over might, and all the effort of his public life is directed towards persuading the masses in India of the truth of this ideal.

W. W. Pearson.

Have Women Names?

I HAVE learned now to recognize the symptoms of a certain question. A man, or a woman, more often a man with whom I've been having a good talk, suddenly stops, leans back, and looks at me benevolently but quizzically. Presently he says, "*Why* do you keep your own name, when you *are* married?"

It's very hard to make him understand and my answers have to differ. If he or she is nice and kind and white-haired and really distressed at the heresy, I choose the cowardly route and explain gravely that my husband writes and I write and editors are such queer prejudiced people, and if I were trying to sell an article to one of them who didn't like my husband and I used my "married" name then my article wouldn't stand a chance. Usually then he nods sympathetically, and I change the subject before he asks me why I also use my own name in what is sometimes known as private life.

It is much easier to argue with disagreeable people who can simply be informed that there is no law compelling a wife to take her husband's name. Not in America anyway, although in Russia the autocratic Bolsheviki have made a law forcing a couple to live together under the same name, no matter whose. Under the common law in America, however, women are free, as several test cases have proved, to keep their own names though married. The Lucy Stone League has recently been formed in New York to make that point clear to those women who dislike the total immersion in marriage which the loss of one's name implies.

"Oh," the opponent always says then, "but why a league for such a small purpose? Is it so important? Isn't the League of Nations much more vital, or the Class Struggle, for or against?"

I agree, I always agree. What else is there to do? But I haven't yet been able to see the connection between the rise and fall of these noble causes and the few seconds it takes to explain that a difference in names doesn't mean the absence of a marriage certificate. There are much more difficult points to meet than that. There is the quiet-mannered soul who murmurs reproachfully to me that he or she doesn't see why I want to stir up such a fuss over nothing, because what does it really matter what one is called and why create all that unnecessary confusion in simple people's minds? I can only say that I don't stir up any fuss, it's the people who disagree with me who do, and as for the confusion why should there be any when I am always introduced by my husband as my wife Miss

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So-and-So, and am in the habit of proclaiming my married state quite loudly? But those are not the hard questions, nor even the one as to what name the problematic and solemnly mentioned offspring shall bear. That's simple enough. Two names are awkward, and as the parents are supposedly half and half represented in the child, it doesn't matter a scrap which of the two names is taken. It only matters to keep the one you start with. Let it be the father's, since custom runs that way, and it's so pleasant to run with custom if there is no good reason for not doing so.

Nor has lawful monogamy anything to do with names. Polyandrous women are notorious sticklers for being addressed by the name of the husband who happens to be the present one, and if they have been divorced several times by the name of their favorite husband, usually the man with the most picturesque name.

The really hard question is the old and platitudinous one, What *is* in a name? Why, when custom is so strong, oppose it with something so unimportant as a name?

There is no help for it then. I have to confess that I believe there is something in names; that one's name is what Lucy Stone called it, "the symbol of my identity which must not be lost." And that lays one open to the charge of believing in symbols, from which there is only a short step to idols and a shorter to black superstition. Once admitting that there is something in symbols, one must also make room for the woman who sincerely feels that the complete devotion of romantic love can best be expressed by taking the husband's name. Being sincere she usually doesn't hit other women on the head for interpreting romantic love differently. She can respect a point of view even while she disagrees with it, and to her it can be explained.

This point of view is simply that if you have from your very first conscious thought regarded yourself as Anna Maria Brown, you can't suddenly with any comfort regard yourself as Mrs. Thomas Smith, or a few years later as Mrs. Henry Green and then as Mrs. Richard Robinson. It is too reminiscent of cattle-branding. And historically of course it is in the same class. For a woman to take a man's name is a symbol of what once was true; that once he owned her body, her property and her opinions. Man and wife were one not in the sense that they were he and she, but entirely and altogether he. Anna Maria Brown was quite thoroughly done away with, and it was very proper to symbolize that by taking away her name. And it is equally proper now to give it back to her. Married women do vote, after all, and manage their property and get divorces if a finger is lifted against them; they've got back their bodies and money and opinions, why not their names? For the reason, of course, that the majority don't want them, or, as the Lucy Stone League hopes, because they don't know they can have them.

The Lucy Stone League is wrong. Most women are still in the stage where they look to marriage not as the beginning of a fuller activity and a richer individualism but as the end of all striving; bed and board for life if the giver of these good things can be kept satisfied. Flattery is a well known means to this end. It flatters the average man to the marrow to have a woman accept the stamp of his name. Not the cave man only. I once heard a frail little intellectual say, "The proudest moment of my life was when I heard Anna called Mrs. Henry Smith!" Was it the proudest moment of Anna's life too? It probably was, because she proved later that her idea of marriage was to be the cushion between this man and life. It is a higher idea than that of the woman who flatters the brute to keep her meal-ticket or her pearls; still, both must regard with the same horror the woman who breaks the trade-union rules to the extent of keeping her own name. Both do regard her with horror. There are enough of them to make the pioneer's life full of reiteration. She will have to repeat a thousand times to deaf ears, "Yes, I am Miss Brown, and this *is* my husband Mr. Smith." And after the thousandth time she will still be asked by the cement-faced matron, "Another cup of coffee, Mrs. Smith?"

Well, that is part of the fun of keeping one's own name. It gives one an unfailing clue to the possessors of those qualities of social sensitiveness and imagination which are vulgarly called breeding and sophistication. One meets them in strange places sometimes, but usually not on the great wife-keeping Main Street. There they hear a married woman's own name with stony wrath or cheap jokes or the blush of shame. The only safe way of mentioning it is in the past tense, "So and So who *was* Miss Brown," in itself an eloquently symbolic phrase. The Lucy Stone League will have hard work to restore even a few Main Street wives to the present tense, but the attempt is worth while —at least for those who believe in symbols.

SIGNE TOKSVIG.

Venetian Interior

Allegra, rising from her canopied dreams,
Slides both white feet across the slanted beams
Which lace the peacock jalousies: behold
An idol of fine clay, with feet of gold.

ELINOR WYLIE.

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The Painting of Hayes Miller

ONCE I took a psycho-pathologist to see the work of Kenneth Hayes Miller. He knew nothing about pictures, had no interest in them as art; but he was just then a little daft on the subject of symbolism and we had a quarrel to settle.

At sight of the first canvas he started. When he had seen three he was uneasy. Then came the painting of a female figure seated in fallen draperies upon a rock, her feet at the edge of a pool,—the matrix substance poignantly exquisite in itself, yet not for that reason only, nor for that reason at all, significant. What made the picture was a mysterious relation of that form to other enveloping forms, sky, rocks, foliage, not in themselves real but all pertaining to a reality verified by the senses and nowhere explicitly touched.

The doctor desired this one to stay on the easel. It was the first word he had uttered. Suddenly rising he said: "I wouldn't have believed it. Yet there it is. Man, dear, if others recognized what I see in in your pictures, especially this one, you would have to be careful about showing them."

"What is it you wouldn't have believed?" I asked.

"He has painted the function, the biological function, the thing itself," said the doctor.

"Where is it?"

"In the sky. There!" he said, pointing to a luminous formation in the upper right corner. He refused to see any more and went away, as one disconcerted at having his theory over-proved.

Another time at an exhibition where all one room was Hayes Miller, I found a woman, herself an artist, going from the nudes to the landscapes and back again in a state of nervous anxiety.

"I don't understand them," she said. "I'm all bewildered."

"What is it you don't understand?" I asked.

She was unable at say what it was. Particularly, at length, she complained of a certain form which was repeated over and over in the landscapes,—a kind of naked, pulsatile convexity which without directly offending the sense of common reality seemed somehow to displace it.

"Look first at that nude figure," I said, indicating a certain one, "and then at this landscape. Are they not of the same stuff?"

"I don't know what you mean," she answered.

"If you punctured that nude what would happen?"

"It would bleed," she said.

"Yes," I replied. "It has corpuscles, viscera, odors and desires. But now look again at that landscape and say what would happen if you were to puncture one of those swelling ground forms."

"It would bleed," she gasped. And so it would.

These two incidents illustrate types of reaction to Miller's art. Its first impact is destructive. It it powerless to move the emotions until it has passed the barriers, or, as the psychologist prefers, the defences of the conscious mind. Then it sweeps the body memories. Elusive, long-forgotten symbols, impinging on the eye, evoke a reminiscence in the cells of what was lived before the seed of one's own self. There is a glimpse of knowledge pre-existent, remorseless, elemental, as innocent of right and wrong as tides and serpents are. In that moment the instinct sees itself. The eternal body mind is stirred and verifies the spectacle.

How is this strange thing done?

One knows that the necessity to express himself gives man the power to bewitch his medium. But here is matter more complex. Cause and effect are both subliminal. That is, the entire phenomenon takes place below the threshold of consciousness. The conceptions of the artist are derived unconsciously. He does not invent the symbols. He invokes the emotion and the symbols appear upon the canvas almost as if he himself were the passive agent. The performance is essentially intuitive, yet it has an important intellectual aspect. It is the intellect that discovers the function of attitude. Then there is an act of will. The conscious mind having determined the attitude, or the gesture of invocation, the will orders the intellect to stand aside so that the creative power of the unconscious mind may be free to act. Thus the paradox that an achievement of the unconscious mind takes place under a mandate of the intellect. Here we approach, if we have not already entered, a region in which intuition and intellect meet in harmony and serve each other. There genius may paint a philosophical abstraction.

In Miller's art there is a profound metaphysical assertion. The universal nature of all substance is affirmed. The material difference between a tree and the human organism is not a difference of meaning. The dissimilarities are accidental and perhaps impermanent; the similarities are essential and converge upon the ultimate mystery.

Recently, as a phase, he has painted the female figure in clothes, furs and fine millinery. The painting, alone as such, is so dazzling and verisimilitudinous that at first one sees nothing else. At a glance you might mistake one of these pictures for a striking popular magazine cover. Then the irony comes through. In all of Miller's work there is an ironical chord. In this phase it becomes piercing. Clothes are the retort sublime, the last word with the unknown creator. In God's image,

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says man, surveying himself naked. Then he proceeds to drape himself in fine linen and millinery. And who shall say that he does not improve the work? He thinks he does. That is enough. From deeper down in these pictures comes at length that same affirmation of the universal nature of substance which is developed in the nudes and landscapes. Is not the body clothed with flesh? Well, the flesh may be clothed with clothes and they are the same thing. Which would you say was the more enticing? The use of fine plumage to a bird and the use of the dressmaker's art to the modern woman,—they are the same, and the end is cosmic.

This intuition in which the dissimilarities of substance seem tending always to dissolve in a single essence, call it an intuition of unity, is to art what the hypothesis is to thought. The one produces art forms as the other produces thought forms in which complexities are simplified by one stroke of generalization. In Miller's art form it is not the figure that is nude but the emotion itself. And the emotions are generalized to a pitch of almost unbearable simplicity. That is why there exists in his pictures a kind of reality abhorred or utterly rejected by the reason, to which only the instinct responds. The effect is produced naturally, with no distortion of objects, no deliberate weirdness.

They are totally beautiful, these pictures. They contain innumerable passages of painting which, merely as that, are imperishable. Yet people shrink from them. Why? Because, like the anonymous stare of the cobra, they are unanswerable. They propose no truce. They have no finality. They are like natural events. In Miller's art there is neither hope nor despair. There is a silent negation of both. But as people live by hope and embrace despair, as they must be either saved or damned for the good of their souls, and have dramatized life as a personal attribute, they resent a view of existence which makes being impersonal and the ego a figment of vanity.

If that is art, they say, so much the worse. It is immoral. I know what they mean by that. I cannot myself look long at Miller's painting without feeling that my moral fixtures are loosened. I say to myself: "Out of the abyss he has brought forth things which the conscience of man had wished to destroy. He has invested them with magnificent beauty, like an armor, and the task of self-deliverance is thereby made heavier. Man has not always the strength to destroy the beautiful."

Then I remember that I have a theological bias of mind. The fixtures are my own. I will attend to them with such fear as they deserve and have my reason free. Reason tells me that art and philosophy have a quest in common. They must pursue it beyond morality, beyond consequences, aye, beyond truth if need be. We have already much truth, the kind of truth to which facts pertain, and no more certitude than ever before. So there may be a state of knowledge to which truth pertains. If so, Miller's art is pressing toward it. And fear is no luggage for that errand.

GARET GARRETT.

The Decline and Fall of "Matter"

THERE was once a philosopher's wife who, in the innocence of her heart, demanded of her mate to know, what is philosophy? The philosopher was too canny to attempt a definition of philosophy, but he thought a fair sample might satisfy the fair inquirer's curiosity. So he said, "If you were a philosopher, my dear, you would believe that the chair on which you are sitting is nothing but an impression in your mind." The lady replied that she felt as if the solid chair were suddenly dissolving into thin air beneath her, and decided, then and there, to have nothing further to do with a subject so uncomfortable and disturbing to a sensible person's peace of mind.

Of course, if the philosopher's wife had generalized from the sample offered her by her husband, she would presently have discovered that her own body, by parity of reasoning, was likewise "nothing but an impression'" in her mind, and so was her husband's body, and indeed all the other bodies, or physical objects, composing her familiar environment. What, then, was left of her husband? Clearly, as in her own case, only a mind with the impressions it contained. What was left of things which had no minds of their own? Clearly nothing: they existed only as impressions in the minds of others. Thence she might have adventured in the realms of thought in company with the good Bishop Berkeley, and interpreted all the manifold impressions of her senses which collectively she called the "physical world," as the language through which God revealed Himself to her. And this, perchance, might have consoled her for the loss of "matter." She might have been comforted to reflect that though the chair did not support her, God did.

It is curious to think that even in ages far more pious than the present, plain man and fair woman have always boggled at Berkeley's way of denying the material world and filling the void with God. But they would be still more puzzled if they realized that some of the ablest modern scientists go a long way with Berkeley in the very arguments which Berkeley directed with such devastating effect against matter. Is matter being deserted and abandoned by its sworn defenders? What paradox is this? Yet so it is. We know, as has been wittily said, too much about matter to be materialists any longer. And thus we are ready to acclaim Professor A. N. Whitehead's books on the Principles of Natural Knowledge and the Concept of Nature as the most brilliant contributions of our day to the philosophy of nature, without being disturbed by the fact that a Professor of Applied Mathematics at the Imperial College of Science and Technology, London (England), should side with the bishop against "matter." There is no need for scientists to take alarm. Let them

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be comforted to know that Whitehead manages to drop "matter" without borrowing the Bishop's God.

The solution of the paradox is simple in principle, though vastly intricate in its details. When Berkeley denied the existence of matter, he was really denying the truth of the theory by which the scientists of his day sought to explain the world which we perceive by our senses. This theory is still widely held at the present day, and colors much of the language we have come to use. Whitehead agrees with Berkeley, as did Karl Pearson, Ernst Mach and others before him, that this theory cannot stand because it is in conflict with the facts of perception. But Whitehead agrees neither with Berkeley, nor again with Pearson and Mach, in the positive new theory which he would substitute for the old one. The old theory of "matter" must go. But instead of filling up the gap with Berkeley's theology, or with the crudities of the Pearson-Mach sensationalism, eked out by "conceptual shorthand," Whitehead propounds a new philosophy of nature, as fascinating in its general structure as it is subtle in detail. We might sum it up in the slogan: Matter is dead—long live Nature!

The general formula for the defects of the old theory is that at countless points it fails to fit nature as we perceive it. "Nature is that which we observe in perception through the senses." Any theory of nature which, while professing to explain or describe the world which our senses disclose, gives us something less, or other, than this, stands thereby condemned. Science is the sustained and systematic attempt to answer the question, what is the general character of that which we perceive? Orthodox physics gives an answer framed in terms of Time (flowing equably in measurable lapses), Space (void of activity or change), and a Material occupying space (such as matter, ether, electricity). If then we go on, as the orthodox theory in the extremest form bids us do, to think of the ultimate facts of nature as a certain distribution of material throughout all space at a durationless instant of time followed by other distributions of the same material throughout the same space at other durationless instants of time, we get into insuperable difficulties.

The scheme does not allow us to deal adequately with change, velocity, acceleration, kinetic energy. The biological concept of an organism cannot be expressed in terms of a distribution of matter at a durationless instant. The separation of space and time conflicts with the four-dimensional space-time manifold of the world of perception. (At this point Whitehead's theory links up with Einstein's). But, above all—and this is the point of most general philosophical interest—the orthodox theory has no satisfactory way of including the very facts themselves which sense-perception discloses: the colors, sounds, touches, smells, etc., which make up the tissue of the world of sense. In two ways does it commonly fail to deal with these. First, it ignores, as Berkeley already emphasized in his Dialogues, the relativity of these facts to varying conditions, among them the observer's standpoint. It provides no orderly system for including all these varying data in its concept of a physical thing. And, secondly, it attempts to rid itself of the embarrassment by extruding the data of sense from "nature" and declaring them to be mere impressions in an observer's mind. The device for doing this is picturesquely described by Whitehead as the "bifurcation of nature." It consists in substituting for the analysis of nature as perceived, a theory of how nature causes the mind to perceive by producing impressions in it. As a result we have the paradox that the colors, sounds, temperatures, etc., which the unsophisticated observer and researcher treats as bona fide parts of nature, are declared to be mere mental impressions, and nature, which is the cause of their production, is hypothetically construed in terms of imperceptible, unverifiable atoms or electrons "behind the veil of the senses." Thus bifurcation splits up nature into a dream plus a conjecture, and betrays the sound principle that "for natural philosophy everything perceived is in nature." This, too, Berkeley clearly saw. He denied "matter" in order to save for nature all that we actually perceive. He, too, tried to destroy the theory of bifurcation. Thus, "scientific theory is shot through and through with notions which are frankly inconsistent with its explicit fundamental data." The root of the trouble, Whitehead declares, is the insistent habit, for which Aristotle set the fashion, of introducing into nature the notion of a substance or substratum for whatever is disclosed to the senses. It was this wrong turn which led the philosophy of nature into the theoretical morass of matter.

What, then, are we to put in the place of "matter"? There is much in Whitehead's theory of "nature," and especially in the brilliant mathematical portions of it, which cannot well be summarized. But there are two points of striking interest which promise to be most fruitful in their reaction upon contemporary thought. First, nature consists fundamentally of *events*. It is a continuous passage of events, and this "becomingness" is also a continuous development, a "creative advance." The contact with Bergson is obvious here, and especially noteworthy in a mathematician. The "ether of material" of the old theory gives way in Whitehead's theory to an "ether of events," which expresses his fundamental thesis of the passage of nature: "something is going on everywhere and always." Thus time and space are for him no longer relations between material entities, but relations between events.

Secondly, nature does not consist only of events, but also of *objects* of various kinds. Objects, as Whitehead quaintly puts it, are "situated" in events, or "ingredient" into nature through events. Objects are exempt from the passage of nature. Whereas events cannot change or be repeated (they happen once and are gone forever), objects can recur in different events, and can undergo change. Clearly, without objects no order, no laws, could be stated. What is going on can be expressed accurately only by discriminating the various kinds of objects which are situated in events. The three main types of objects distinguished by Whitehead are sense-objects (e.g., colors and sounds), perceptual objects (e.g., stones and trees), and scientific objects (e.g., electrons).

Thus events and objects, standing respectively for the aspects of transience and permanence, novelty and enduring stability, are the fundamental concepts which take the place of "matter," and both are given inseparably in what we perceive by our senses. In the tantalizingly brief closing chapter of the Principles there is a hint of a yet wider amplitude of Whitehead's Philosophy, adding to the scientist's also the poet's perception of nature, and especially of life in nature. Life is *rhythm*, and the physical body is the vehicle of its expression. Nor is the permanence of the individual rhythm absolutely bound up with the permanence of the body. Still, the subtler rhythms come and die, leaving but a poignant echo in love's memory:

> The music in my heart I bore,
> *Long after it was heard no more.*

Clearly, a scientist who can end an inquiry into the foundations of physics on this note, has won through to a very thorough emancipation from the obsession of "matter."

R. F. Alfred Hoernlé.

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Books and Things

LAST week, at the junction where I had to change cars, who should turn up but Jack Kenrick—John L. Kenrick, of Kenrick Brothers & Davenport—whom I hadn't seen for years. In looks and manners he had changed hardly at all, but his talk was different. That he was more laconic than ever didn't much signify, for his train was due a couple of minutes after I caught sight of him, and he was obliging enough to answer as many of my questions as he could, but something in his replies struck me as unusual. The best I can do, being unable to define this unfamiliar element, is to give you an example. I had asked, just before Kenrick's train pulled out, what had become of Tom Jenkins, and this is Kenrick's reply, verbatim: "Killed trying to quell mob on eve of wedding, is report."

If I had been as quick as you are, I should have discovered Kenrick's model right away, but as a matter of fact I kept trying to puzzle the thing out until I was seated in the smoker, and began on the morning papers. Nearly all the words which had struck my ear as unfamiliar when he used them, which I had thought archaic or poetic or rhetorical, were now before my eyes, just where one would expect to see them, in the headlines. Two rival teams were about to "clash," somebody was to "wed" somebody else, "slayers" and "slain" were all over the place. That evening I looked up the most recurrent of these words in a dictionary, and here is what I found: "Slay, v. t. (*slew* pr.—oo, *slain*). Kill (chiefly poet., rhet., or facet. . . . .)" Surely an up-to-date dictionary would not have stopped with "facet.," but would have added "headl." It may be true that there are more poets than headline writers, but the readers of headlines, being more numerous than the readers of poetry, ought to be considered by any lexicographer who wishes to record present usage.

We all know persons who pride themselves upon never becoming inured to such headline words as "wed" and "slay," and even in my own case I must confess to being feebly diverted, on my hypersensitive and supercilious days, by illustrations of the familiar truth that wed is two letters shorter than marry, that slayer, although neither shorter and longer than killer, does seem to most of us less odd. Just at this moment I can't account for the popularity of "clash" in the headlines, though I dare say the explanation is quite as obvious. What puzzles me most at present is my friend Kenrick's uniqueness. Why aren't more of us afflicted as he is? We have in this country I can't guess how many million men, women and children who read almost nothing except headlines, who are highly suggestible, and who nevertheless almost never use headline words in their talk. "Farmers designate new packer measure as fraud on growers"—did you ever hear a talker use "designate" in just this way? Have you heard on human lips anything remotely like "league's arms body perplexed"?

An acquaintance to whom I put these questions pronounces them silly. "Why should you expect your contemporaries to be any more under the influence of headlines," he says, "than our ancestors were influenced by what more or less corresponded to them in their day? You are not astonished because Fielding's readers were under no temptation to talk like this: Chapter three, a dialogue between the landlady and Susan the chambermaid, proper to be read by all innkeepers and their servants; with the arrival and affable behaviour of a beautiful young lady; which may teach persons of condition how they may acquire the love of the whole world. Or take readers and hearers of the Bible. How many have you known whose talk was bettered by familiarity with Bible English?"

Well, even if I have to admit that there is some truth in some of this, I still maintain (a) that the failure is surprising of headline words—though not of headline constructions—to establish themselves in speech, (b) that lexicographers are strangely inattentive to the vocabulary of headlines, (c) that headline syntax and punctuation deserve a treatise. "League commission will aid, not rival, Harding Conference"—"Head of dental co., ill, takes life"—the man who hoisted those four commas into place knew what he was about. "Second meeting brings peace nearer, London believes," is a sentence structure worth a chapter. With this structure you can be both cautious and unexpected, as in "Stork expected at home of Cardinal Bixby, is report." With this structure you can contemporize ancient history, as in "Serpent held as suspect in orchard-robbing tragedy, is Eden rumor."

Come to think of it, though, almost any headline structure is as good as any other if one's purpose be to make the past read as if its dead body were not yet cold. And this is a purpose worth having. One reason why history isn't youth's favorite reading is the historian's assumption that the past is over and gone. "In all the earlier ecclesiastical changes, in the contest over the Papal jurisdiction and Papal exactions, in the reform of the Church courts, even in the curtailment of the legislative independence of the clergy, the nation as a whole had gone with the King." That passage is from one of the livelier historians, from Green, but what circulation would a newspaper have if written without headlines and in such a very past tense? Mr. Wells is selling his Outline by scores of thousands, but the scores would be hundreds if he had written Headlines of History. Even the pentateuch, which I once heard an advanced clergyman call "that deservedly popular work," even the pentateuch might gain new readers if put into modern headlines: "Moses claims ten commandments God-given—dictated, but not read, by Author."

Since writing the above I've had news of poor Kenrick from his wife, who tells me that he has been like this for several months, that his puzzled doctor says Kenrick is the first patient he's had who talks exclusively in headline words and word-groups. Various remedies have been tried. First, they took away his newspapers, and gave him nothing to read but lyrics from Elizabethan song-books and plays. The result was a new music in the house, but very little actual communication. For one reason or another Kenrick found the Elizabethans refractory. Couldn't somehow adapt them, as he had wonderfully adapted contemporary headlines, to the needs of everyday life. Next the doctor put him on a diet of advertisements, thinking they were nothing if not up-to-date, but the suggestible patient fell to acting and talking like the dramatic personae of the habitable ads. He would praise his union suit, morning after morning, and seemed to expect Mrs. Kenrick to praise hers, antiphonally. He would complain because the entire family, at breakfast, didn't get together and sing a paean in honor of a breakfast food they had been eating for years.

Kenrick was in the act of running away, his wife told me, when I met him at the railway junction. Forty-eight hours earlier he had tricked her and his nurse and made a break for the open. For two whole days he had been on a headline debauch. What drove him from home was having his reading restricted to one weekly journal—but Mrs. Kenrick wouldn't tell me which weekly. P. L.

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White Man's Burden

The Man Who Did The Right Thing, by Sir Harry Johnston. New York: The Macmillan Co.

IN Sir Harry Johnston we have an unusual story-teller. He is an example of the first-hand man of affairs who, instead of writing biography or travel or adventure, turns to the novel as his best form of personal communication. A British Imperial administrator, he isn't particularly hampered by the notion that he must be discreetly silent. He isn't overwhelmed with imaginary obligations. A man who knows smart English society, he has no idea that the bread of hospitality must shut his mouth forever. He owes, or seems to think he owes, some allegiance to his own perception of things. He is now in his mellow season and, evidently a man of abounding vitality as well as full experience, he greatly enjoys converting his actual store of memory into picturesque and active narrative. It is not, naturally, the narrative of a supreme artist. Being a man of affairs, the world is too much with him to let him purify his material like an artist and give to it the quickness not of news and opinion but of psychological value and aesthetic shape. But crossed as his novels are on the actual history which he has helped to make, they are the children of a peculiarly energetic and resourceful imagination and they read surprisingly well. Their authenticity is not of the highest kind but they possess rich interest and lively personality.

In this book Sir Harry goes to his earlier experiences. His scene is German East Africa. Those who have read The Man-Eaters of Tsavo can hardly help remembering that terrible and fascinating background. Sir Harry Johnston, "ruled by Common Sense and Probability," uses it to bring home the real nature of East African development. His topic, therefore, is imperialism. But it is not the dark imperialism that liberals condemn. It is not exploitation and conquest so much as adventure and utilization, a human process in which men blunder and injure but in which they also aspire and win.

He starts, as he always does, with a brisk and hearty account of his men and women. His chief man, Roger Brentham, "a captain in the Indian Army, about twenty-eight or twenty-nine, strongly built, tanned in complexion, supple in figure, good-looking, keen-eyed," is by no means the ordinary romantic profile of English fiction. In some ways, indeed, Sir Harry Johnston is Victorian. He, like Brentham, feels "tenderly and pitifully towards Lucy, carrying her country prettiness and innocency into savage Africa, embarking on a life of unexpected frightfulness, monotony, varied by shocks of terror, by sights of bloodshed and obscenity that might thrill or titillate a strong man, but must inevitably take the bloom off a woman's mind." That has the smack of sentimentality. But in regard to Roger and the siren Sybil Sir Harry Johnston is not sentimental. He shows just the kind of ambitious, amorous, practical, yet impulsive gentleman that Roger Brentham really is, and how he allures the gentle Lucy, who is on her way to join her ungainly yet unworldly African missionary John Baines. He shows how Lucy and Roger narrowly keep from infidelity, how Roger does compromise Lucy owing to the diligence of his rivals in the consular service, and how, in spite of Lady Sybil's waiting for him, he lumps Lucy's social ineptitude and in marrying her after John has been killed in a native scuffle he becomes "the man who did the right thing."

This is rather brutally outspoken, which is one of Sir Harry Johnston's gifts. And the gift stands him in good stead when he brings Roger and Lucy home to England. Lady Sybil, the bloom of whose mind has not prevented a singularly advantageous marriage with a decrepit peer, is now a widow with a lascivious eye on Roger. She is clever enough to bring Roger's "missionaryess" into contrast with a smarter society. "Lucy's little naivetés of speech and turns of phrase which seemed so amusing and even endearing in Africa, or to an admiring, bucolic audience at Aldermaston, or an indulgent sister-in-law at Farleigh Vicarage, here withered into imbecilities under the mocking glance or the bored incomprehension of Sybil, and the cool, eyeglass stare of Willowby Patterne."

In the parlance of Sir Harry Johnston's characters, Lady Sybil is a bitch. Sir Willowby is a notorious sadist. Lucy's missionary husband was an oaf. Her captain husband is something of a cad. But between the nonconformists and Lady Sybil's set the author holds his scales evenly. He has no illusions as to the clammy unattractiveness of the missionaries. Neither is he unaware of the expert selfishness of the fashionable. He shows that John Baines is brave and pathetic in his death, that Ann Jamblin the missionary is iron in courage as well as tactlessness, that Roger becomes Sybil's lover and employé after he did "the right thing" and yet develops as a wise administrator and solicitous husband, with his sister Maud and his wife Lucy endlessly devoted to him. These contrasts, carrying a great air of verisimilitude, give uncommon authority to Sir Harry Johnston's version of human beings, and even intensify one's belief that in regard to the Foreign Office and the inner politics of society, the ways of the Bantu and the Swahili, the actualities of the unnecessary Boer War and the virtues of German colonial administration, he knows whereof he speaks.

His account of the Germans, certainly, seems fair. But on some points one is obliged to criticize. His letters, as a rule, are hopelessly unreal attempts to reproduce the personal note. They are out of character. His references to actual people (Lady Randolph Churchill, for example) are piquant, but in this instance harsh and vulgar. His long dialogue on the morals of the Happy Valley has an appearance of great outspokenness without being truly radical—he is a bit on the benevolent order, Sir Harry. And his tit-bits of familiarity with the big-wigs are often ludicrously thin. "That man in the straw hat and the cricketing flannels is Monsieur Viviani." The Topical Review at the movies gives you more.

But if one enjoys the topical review, and desires to understand capitalism and imperialism at work in Africa as seen by a sympathetic observer handsomely qualified to speak from experience, this novel is certainly worth reading. It hasn't the gleefulness, the audacity, the crisp personal quality of Mrs. Warren's Daughter. It is much less in the nature of a romantic spree. But it does know Africa. It has in it the terms and movements of concrete experience, the unfaded and telling colors of direct vision. Roger and Lucy, John and Ann Jamblin, the Bayswater Bazzards and the cheerfully cynical Dewburn, the Big Terror Stolzenberg and the Little Terror Patterne—they are all minor characters in a drama of which savage Africa is hero. The taming of that savage is told with great freshness and vividness. Sir Harry Johnston is eupeptic. He does not expect too much from men or women. But he has gravity and serious feeling for the scene of his own active life. Whatever about imperialism, he gives to the taming of Africa a human and yet heroic frame.

FRANCIS HACKETT.

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Criticism and Theories

Literary Impressions, by Jules Lemaître. Translated by A. W. Evans. London: O'Connor.

THE other day Mr. Augustine Birrell elegantly pinked an imaginary representative of the younger school of English critics; they were, he charmingly insinuated, prematurely "hard-faced men," a little dour, a trifle fanatic. And it is becoming increasingly common to find our older critics making sly references to the younger as a kind of literary spoil-sports, and upholding against the onslaughts of these rather nebulous dogmatists and Puritans the banner of gusto and personality. The appearance in an English translation of a collection of criticisms by the late M. Jules Lemaître is an excellent occasion for inquiring into the nature of this shadowy warfare.

For myself, I am not at all sure that this school of younger critics really exists. What does exist, I think, is a desire to take criticism seriously, to discover what it ought to be, and to see what can be made of it; and on the other side there is a feeling, which finds, alas, only indirect expression, that all this bothering about the why and wherefore of criticism is pretentious, and that the people who go in for it are precious, and prigs. The business of a critic, say the despisers of priggishness, is first to be readable, and then to make others read books.

No one would deny that the first business of a critic is to be readable; but there is room for a great difference of opinion on the question: able to be read by *whom*? And on the answer to this will depend the relevance of the definition of a critic as one who makes others read books. M. William Le Queux is readable; Miss Ethel M. Dell is readable: and no doubt if Miss Dell were to make her next ugly hero declare to her next heroine that the only thrill he had had comparable with that of seeing her was in the reading of Mr. Hardy's Dynasts, the circulation of the Dynasts would be doubled. And yet, I suppose, our true-blue critics would not admit Miss Dell into the fraternity.

But once we begin to take the quality of the audience into the reckoning, where shall the process end? It may perfectly well end with an audience that looks to the critic not for an introduction to books it has not read, but for some aid to a more intimate appreciation of books it has read. We may go further and say that there is not the faintest reason why the critic should not deliberately address himself to an audience that regards criticism as an art in its own right, an art that is unfortunately, and through no fault of its own, entangled in the diurnal labors of reviewing.

If criticism is an art (as I firmly believe it is) there is no more reason to suppose that its merits depend upon the number of people who read it, or the number of books they are induced to read by it, than there is to suppose that Martin Tupper was a better poet than Keats because he had a hundred times the sale; and once the opponents of what we may call "serious criticism" have to give up this position, there is surely no place left for them to make a stand. They may not like "serious criticism"; if they did they would probably try to become "serious critics"; but I can see no reason why they should display any animus about it.

For the truth is that criticism is just as personal as any other art. What is odd is that critics who do not like theories should inscribe this truth upon their banner when they advance to attack critics who do. In this respect M. Jules Lemaître was peculiarly peculiar. He seems to have imagined that if he proclaimed frequently enough that he was engaged in trying to communicate his personal impressions of a work of literature, and nothing more, he was therefore absolved from the obligation of being consistent with himself on matters which are not the subject of immediate impressions. Consider these dicta together:

> It is too evident that, like any other writer, a critic necessarily puts into his writings his own temperament and his own conception of life, since it is with his own mind that he describes other minds; that the differences are as profound between M. Taine, M. Nisard and Sainte-Beuve, as between, let us say, Corneille, Racine and Molière, and finally that criticism is a representation of the world as personal, as relative, as vain and consequently as interesting, as those which constitute other literary forms.

Very good! Rien n'est plus juste. But what are we to make of this, on Zola's Roman Experimental?

> Thus M. Zola, under cover of literary criticism, has never done more than erect his personal taste into a principle: and this is a mark neither of a free nor of a liberal mind.

Ah, the defence will say, but Lemaître is merely arguing that a free and liberal mind is always conscious of what it is doing when it erects personal taste into a principle. It is a very curious way of saying it; and, if that is indeed what Lemaître meant, he must have known that Taine, Nisard and Sainte-Beuve were involved in the same condemnation of Zola. Here is what he says of Taine:

> No one has more sternly applied, nor to more varied objects, more narrowly determinist theories. But the experience of the scholarly man being always very restricted, every explanation of any rather considerable mass of phenomena inevitably becomes creation. The mind begins by accommodating itself to the portions of reality on which it has been able to seize, but as soon as a more extended reality is in question, it is this which we accommodate to our mind; it is our mind which completes the facts and which moulds them and which supposes relations exist between them in order to justify certain laws. All philosophy is poetry.
>
> And this is why no one more often than Taine has done something different from what he believed he was doing; no one has more felt and imagined, when he believed he was merely perceiving, observing and classifying.

It should follow, obviously, that Taine had neither a free nor a liberal mind. But not at all. M. Lemaître is enthusiastic about him. "He was one of our masters. . . . Men will abandon him for thirty years to return to him again."

It is not permissible to speak disrespectfully of M. Lemaître, who wrote clearly, was an Academician, and is dead; but it is not possible to admire the working of his free and liberal mind. Its triumphant merit is that it enabled him to reach opposite conclusions by identical arguments. That, no doubt, is a charming idiosyncrasy; but it happens to be shared by the majority of uneducated people. In short, it is stupid. And though it may be a very personal thing to be stupid, it remains desirable that one should be intelligent.

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M. Lemaître would have been more intelligent had he himself seen fit to elaborate one of those theories of criticism at which he scoffed so urbanely; it would have saved him at least from downright contradiction. In the effort which he would have been compelled to make to square his theory to the facts of his own reactions, he might have discovered that a theory, applied honestly and adjusted carefully, has the advantage that it enables a critic to check his own reactions. He carries with him a kind of synopsis of his past impressions, by reference to which he can recognize the point in which one impression differs from another. He has a chance of discounting all that is really irrelevant to the excellence he is trying to define. In fact, a theory is the best instrument a critic has for defining and elucidating his personal impressions, just as a hypothesis is the best instrument a scientist has for arranging his accumulated data. To dismiss a theory of criticism because it is the work of a human mind and therefore personal, is as sensible as to dismiss the 47th proposition of Euclid I because Euclid formulated it. The way to dispose of a theory of criticism is to find one that answers the facts more completely; to laugh at theories because they are theories is to create the suspicion that you are incapable of forming one.

M. Lemaître produces the impression of a provincial Anatole France. He carries the dicta of Anatole France a little further, and they become a little absurd; because Anatole France is governed by his taste, which is exquisite. Exaggerate good taste: it does not become better taste, but something which is not good taste at all. When Anatole France says in La Vie Littéraire that he is merely "recounting the adventures of his soul among books," it is a gesture of modesty. When M. Lemaître erects this sentiment into an indictment and repeats it over and over again, we respond by mistrusting his judgment. When he insists on the relativity of criticism, we begin to feel that he is incapable of investigating a theory; and the suspicion is confirmed when we read his verdict that one might remove all Taine's theories from his History of English Literature without doing it any harm. A critic who really believed in the relativity of critical theory and did not use the conception to avoid the labor of thought would know that the theories of Taine are just as personal, as valuable and as necessary to be understood as the rest of his work.

All art is personal, in the sense that it proceeds from a person. To repeat that proposition is as silly as to repeat that twice two is four. Some art is personal in another sense; it is an adequate expression of an individual mode of thought and feeling. In order to achieve a complete personal expression of this kind, poets and novelists create worlds, and critics and philosophers, theories. M. Lemaître, however, and those who follow him into battle with the relativity of criticism for their war-cry, confuse these two senses in which the word personal can be applied to art. Because all criticism is personal in the first sense, that is, relative, they argue that the critic has only to be faithful to the impression of the moment to be personal in the second sense, that is, to express an individual mode of thought or feeling. (It is not at all clear why he should trouble to be faithful to his impression; if he lies about it, the result is surely just as personal.) On railway journeys most people like detectives stories, and find it hard to read Shakespeare; when they have dined very well, they avoid literary subtleties and prefer a plain tale. To be faithful to personal impressions of this kind is really the negation of criticism, and even the most convinced personal critic tries to insure that the impressions he records should be somehow significant; he tries to eliminate the effects of his lunch and his liver, and to disentangle the relevant from the irrelevant in his complex of feeling.

He can do this only by applying some principle. It may be disguised as a habit of taste, a memory of all those elements in literature which have most permanently affected him; nevertheless, it is a principle. And if he is a man of intellectual curiosity he can hardly help trying to discover the nature of those elements to which he most permanently responds. If he does this, he has begun to theorize, and the cleaner job he makes of it the better for himself and his reader; if he does not do this, he is not necessarily a bad critic, and he may (if his perceptions are fine enough) be a very good one, but he has abandoned one of the most valuable of safeguards against eccentricity, and one of the most delicate tools for the dissection of his own perceptions.

It is not surprising, therefore, to find that M. Lemaître's best work is comparatively superficial. He has no means of conveying his sense of the quality of the *work* he is criticizing; in order to build at all he is compelled always to refer it back directly to the personality of the author. This is a fairly adequate method when you are dealing with a minor writer, in whom the personal reference is immediate and clear, but it would fail badly with a Chateaubriand or a Hugo. It is impossible to explain the work of an important artist by his character; you can explain it only by reference to the physiology of his perceptions and the habits of emotion and thought created by them. The life of a great writer is quite incommensurable with his achievement, and to expound his work in terms of his life may make interesting reading, but it reduces a miracle to the level of an oddity. It is a falsification. There is plenty of this falsification in Sainte-Beuve, who seems indeed to have found a secret satisfaction in using the wrong end of the telescope; and it is this semi-conscious malice which gives that famous critic much of his savor. He managed to express *his* personality. M. Lemaître was less successful, less malicious and less interesting.

J. Middleton Murry.

A Flashlight on the Russian Revolution

The Russian Workers' Republic, by Henry Noel Brailsford. New York: Harper & Bros.

So much ignorant gossip, ingenious slander, and general journalistic rubbish have been written about the Russian revolution, that it is a source of peculiar satisfaction to come across a book, like that of Mr. Brailsford's, which tries to go down to the social causes of this event and sees *in it not* merely an orgy of destruction, but, above all, a new world in the making. It is not easy for an outsider, bred in the snug traditions of European civilization, to realize at a glance the meaning and the character of the Russian revolution. It requires intellectual courage, a clear vision, and a sympathetic attitude towards the masses in their struggle for a better life. Mr. Brailsford, aside from these qualities, was in the advantageous position of being able to compare the Russia of 1920 with blockaded Central Europe which he visted early in 1919. The result is a book which, while not pretending to be an exhaustive study of all phases of the revolution, contains a vivid picture and

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an adequate explanation of many a startling phenomenon in Soviet Russia under Communist rule.

Mr. Brailsford's approach to the Russian Revolution is quite at variance with the popular belief that it was Lenin or the Bolsheviks who "made" the October overthrow (as the Russians call it). "If the Allies had not driven Russia into the disastrous offensive of July, if Kerensky had been a stronger, or Lenin a more scrupulous man, were social revolution and civil war really inevitable?" asks the author, and the answer runs: "I think they were, and I believe that they were latent in the agrarian position, apart altogether from the folly of the Allies, the weakness of Kerensky, and the violence of Lenin." And further: "The Russians themselves hardly realize how peculiar were the conditions in which their revolution succeeded. The industrial population helped them because it was starving. The peasants helped them because they wanted land. The army helped them because it was defeated and war weary." This is, in a nutshell, the only scientific explanation of the social revolution (which, because it is scientific, is the last to appeal to the popular mind and those who feed it).

Mr. Brailsford does not agree with the current assumption that Communist dictatorship in Russia is based solely on terror. In the Communists he sees "the leaven, the active, nervous, conscious element in the sluggish Russian body." "The Communists," he says, "surpass their rivals in two respects: first, in discipline; and, secondly, in their courage, their heroic rashness, their unwavering faith." Mr. Brailsford does not close his eyes to the darkest aspects of present-day Russia, but behind semi-starvation, behind the iron rule of the fiercest government in the world, behind the sporadic outbursts of dissatisfaction of various groups and individuals, he sees the creative will, the vast design to change the entire economic structure of half a continent, and with it the mind of a race.

To the author, the tendency of the revolution is, "in a land where a feeble and dilatory civilization had touched as yet only a minute minority of a gifted population, a great and heroic attempt to shorten the dragging march of time, to bring culture to a whole nation, and to make a cooperative society where a predatory despotism, in the act of suicide, had prepared the general ruin."

Mr. Brailsford has performed a valuable service to the English reading world. It is only natural, however, that minor aberrations and deficiencies, in phrasing rather than in substance, should be found scattered in his discourse. Thus, in dealing with the administration he says: "Individual management is now the rule, though the Works' Council survives." The statement is true: individual management has been established in eighty-five per cent of the Russian factories, yet there is no juxtaposition between management and Works' Council (Factory Committee), the latter being the representative body of the workingmen occupied in each factory or plant and forming the nucleus of the Industrial Union. Nor can the author's characterization of the labor unions be accepted without qualification. "Few of the unions," he says, "really represent or express the minds of the workers, and they are in practice simply outgrowths of the Communist party," "branches of the Communist party which organize labor for the state." The relationship between labor unions and the ruling party is much more complicated and much more subtle. The fact is that the labor unions do have an independent existence, and they are too closely interwoven with the rank and file of the workers, through the Factory Committees, to be classed as mere agencies of the state.

It is, perhaps, a thankless task to point out other lapses. They are inevitable in an inquiry where a vast stream of new material is poured over the foreign investigator who makes a supreme effort to retain a judicious mind. In his effort to be fair to the much abused Communist party Mr. Brailsford once or twice ignores the other intellectual forces of Russia who, though not Communists, stand for creative activities on a new social basis. On the other hand he finds in Soviet Russia of late 1920 "hundreds of thousands of men and women, formerly of the middle class, who are needlessly and unjustifiably hampered and cramped," (page 7), which contrasts with a further statement that "in Soviet Russia it is the idlers and the mercenaries among the intellectuals who are unhappy." (Pages 76-77.) Is it really so bad that idlers and mercenaries are being hampered and cramped?

These and similar—one might almost say—misprints, shrink into insignificance, however, in the vigorous, sane, and broad discussion of the most difficult problem in current history. The lucidity, ease and humane quality of Mr. Brailsford's style needs no commendation.

MOISSAYE J. OLGIN.

A Basket of Fish

Books on the Table, by Edmund Gosse, C. B. New York: Scribners.

A BOOK by Mr. Gosse had become a necessity. There was an increasing danger that readers would come to think of him only as the interlocutor in Mr. George Moore's imaginary conversations, that the Librarian of the House of Lords would become merely a literary hoax, the preposterous product of Mr. Moore's myth-making propensity. A reassertion of identity was needed. Mr. Gosse was wise as well as urbane in dedicating this last turmoil of his active pen "to George Moore, my friend for forty years."

Forty years takes us back to the days when George Moore was writing A Modern Lover, and Mr. Gosse was capitalizing his discovery of Ibsen. Surely never did a critic land so large a fish at his first cast. But Ibsen was not the game which Mr. Gosse preferred. He seems always to have been a little disconcerted at his first catch, and his life of Ibsen was written many years later almost with deprecation. Other fruits of his line apparently caused him something of the same embarrassment, and his biggest fish, John Donne and Algernon Charles Swinburne, were exhibited with the same apologetic air. It is not in the troubled waters of realism and romanticism that Mr. Gosse likes best to take his sport but in the quieter streams of the silver age and the Augustan, not in landing with his net the monsters of the vasty deep that he has his triumph but in luring the shy trout, with a skilful cast, to his hook.

The present volume is an ample indication of Mr. Gosse's tastes and skill as a literary sportsman. It is made up of critical feuilletons, "ten minute sermons" he calls them, because they were contributed to the Sunday Times. It is clear that Mr. Gosse is an inveterate explorer, wading many remote and half forgotten brooks, using a marvellous diversity of flies, and bringing to the surface many strange and awesome types, like The Diall of Princes, and Heywood's Hierarchie of Angels, and Mr. Doughty's Mansoul. With these he is amused and irritated, almost tempted to throw them back into the water—and many readers will

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wish that he had. He is puzzled by Paul Claudel, angered by Carlyle, disgusted by Gorki's exposure of Tolstoi and Miss Daisy Ashford's exposure of herself. On the other hand, he delights in Disraeli's relations with Lady Chesterfield and Lady Bradford, and the impressive society about Lady Anne Ritchie; he lingers affectionately over the aristocratic literary tradition embodied in Frederick Locker and George Wyndham, and tolerantly over Mrs. Asquith's indiscretions; he praises the essays of Mr. Lucas, and yearns wistfully after the charm of Cornelius Fronto. "How little we know, how little we see of a vague and beautiful figure, faintly drawn against the background of an exquisite civilization that has passed away for ever."

Literature, the study of literary modes as types of civilization, the delicate perception of lines and shades, of form and style, an interest in the mechanical acts that have gone to the preservation of letters—all these enter into Mr. Gosse's connoisseurship. He is reluctant to give up the robust tradition of Fielding in the face of Professor Cross's apologia. He discriminates subtly but gently Mr. Hewlett's style from that of more perfect essayists: "It has the texture of a tapestry rather than that of the fine embroidery of some recent prose-writers. It is woven in thick, bright threads on a coarse linen material. . . . 'Weather has sent me indoors, chance to an old book,' that is a little too abrupt, a little too rigid, to be the opening sentence of a perfect essay." He marvels over the business of publication among the Romans, and loves the picture of the Benedictine scribes at work on their manuscripts. He speaks out quite loudly and sternly to Mr. Birrell about the "condition" of the books in Mr. Locker's library. "I believe that a perfectly candid description of the Rowfant books as a whole would say that they were genuine, often rare, mostly perfect, many repaired, a few very fine indeed, but in their average condition poor." Here I stand; I cannot otherwise; so help me God!

Reading makes the full man. No one now alive has read so much as Mr. Gosse, and no one remembers so appositely. Who but Mr. Gosse could find in Mr. Masefield's Reynard the Fox the occasion for recalling with real gusto the hunting songs of Rowland Egerton-Warburton? Who but Mr. Gosse would have on the tip of his tongue the phrase of Henri Murger about "cet animal féroce qu'on appelle la pièce de cent sous?" From whom except Mr. Gosse should we accept as having authority the statement "Ausonius had a larger number of aunts than any person whom I recall in literary history, except the poet Gray"?

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

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